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THE TRAGEDY OF  
TANCRED AND GISMUND  
1591-2

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1914

This reprint of *Tancred and Gismund* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Oct. 1915.*

W. W. Greg.

• There is no entry of *Tancred and Gismund* in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. The only known edition is a quarto printed by Thomas Scarlet for sale by R. Robinson. This is in a type the body of which approximates to modern English (22 ll. = 94 mm.). Copies vary in that the date on the title-page appears either as 1591 or 1592. The British Museum possesses three copies, marked respectively C 34. e. 43, 161. k. 71, and C. 34. e. 44. Of these the first is perfect, though the second leaf is rather badly damaged, and bears the date 1592. From the second all but a small corner of the title-page has been torn away; while the third wants the whole of the preliminary sheet except the third leaf. Perfect copies in the Bodleian Library and the Dyce Collection are also dated 1592. A copy at Eton College wants the title-page. On the other hand there is preserved in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House a copy bearing the date 1591. The title-page of this copy appears to differ from those dated 1592 in nothing but the date and the position of the printer's mark.

The play was not new at the time of its publication, being revised from an earlier piece. This, we are informed by William Webbe in his epistle to Wilmot, had been acted before the queen by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. There does not appear to be any contemporary record of the performance, but from the allusion to 'these 24. yeres' in Wilmot's address to the Templers, we are perhaps entitled to date it 1567.

The earlier version is extant in two manuscripts at the British Museum, Lansdowne 786 and Har-

grave 205. At least one other manuscript has been reported as in private hands but is not now known, while there is some reason to suppose that in making the revision Wilmot had before him a text of the earlier play, differing in certain respects from those now extant.

The original version was of composite authorship, and the abbreviated names of five different writers are appended to the five acts of the printed text. They are Rod. Staf[ford], Hen. No[el], G. Al., Ch. Hat[ton], and R. W[ilmot]. Of these there is no indication in the manuscripts. The whole was later revised by the author of the last act and brought, as the title-page tells us, into keeping with 'the decorum of these daies'.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

Ep. Ded. 35 <i>W</i> ] after this a possible trace of a period appears in some copies	419 vp,
Pref. 5 geamls] <i>read</i> gleams	429 delight
Text 7 <i>Cupid.</i> ] half a line too low in original	431 c.w. Subuert
85 Lord,	448 fight
209 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )	459 kinde,
225 <i>moſt</i> ] the mark over the <i>o</i> is doubtful and probably accidental	461 <i>Luc</i> ,
229 <i>endleſſe</i>	489 lai d
231 <i>might</i> ie	491 filder
265 furſte] <i>i.e.</i> ſureſt	496 flood,
274 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )	523 Ant)
351 impart your] <i>possibly</i> impartyour	526 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )
381 what	537 daies)
387 fo,	556 <i>Brutus</i> ] so B.M. <sup>2</sup> , Dyce, Eton · <i>Bratus</i> B.M. <sup>1,3</sup> , Bodl.
418 ferfake	564 Chor. 4.] <i>half a line too low in original</i>
	572 <i>efore</i> ,
	578 Chor. 1.] <i>half a line too low in original</i>

588 d] <i>read</i> do	1309 rofe.
589 nam] <i>read</i> name ( <i>no c.w.</i> )	1327 floud.
622 proue	1328 Lord
644 carefull] <i>so B.M.<sup>2</sup>, Dyce,</i> <i>Eton. carefnll B.M.<sup>1,3</sup>,</i> <i>Bodl.</i>	1436 handy] <i>possibly</i> han dy
699 WHat	1437 enters] <i>possibly</i> ente rs
716 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )	1487 eachone,
729 ofman	1491 more
777 his	1505 „ Yong
781 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )	1577 desptile
822 turne th	1639 Receaue] <i>possibly</i> R eccaue
840 affault,] <i>possibly</i> affault,	1664 attir
858 Actus. 3.	1703 auoid
868 iu	1706 Gif, (king
908 , On	1708 loue
911 Iulia,	1709 Gif. the mē
943 villanous.] <i>possibly</i> villa nous.	1728 ( <i>no c.w.</i> )
965 he auen	1735 Scæna 3,
967 counfming	1766 request,
1008 Tan.	1813 dead
1031 c.w. shall	1830 we
1125 snd	1831 Iul
1156 Gif.	1850 thou] <i>possibly</i> tho u
1250 c.w. (But	1874 the'fect
1264 mine,	sig. H4 <sup>v</sup> . 11 <i>measurestrod,</i> 13 <i>forrih</i>
1283 captuate	17 <i>ascendeib</i>
1294 Iul. Nay	19 <i>mas</i>
1306 hurt, Let not] <i>so B.M.<sup>1,3</sup>,</i> <i>Dyce, Eton, Bodl.: hurt,</i> <i>B.M.<sup>2</sup></i>	28 <i>inir,</i> 31 <i>lxxiiii.</i>

On sig. G4 recto, the final *d* of the running title is broken so as to resemble *a*.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CUPID.	JULIO, lord chamberlain to
GISMUND, daughter to Tancred.	Tancred.
TANCREDE, prince of Salerne.	RENUCHIO, captain of Tancred's
LUCECE, his sister.	guard.
GUISZARD, County Palurin,	MEGAERA, a fury.
Gismund's lover.	

Chorus of four maidens, guard, two furies.

Gismund is called Gismunda on her first appearance, l. 88. According to the prose Argument Tancred is King of Naples as well as Prince of Salerne. Lucrece enters at l. 275, but her name first appears unabbreviated at l. 374, where it is given as Lucre, cf. l. 526 (also l. 538). The form Lucrece first appears at l. 624. Guiszard is called Guishard in the verse Argument and Guiszhard at l. 690. He first appears in II. ii, but does not speak till III. iii (l. 694). Julio and Renuchio appear in II. ii, and III. iii, but first speak in IV. ii (ll. 1060 and 1009 respectively). The description of them given above is from the stage direction l. 370, but later on they appear to exchange rôles. It is Renuchio, there called Renugio, whom Tancred sends to fetch Gismund, IV. iii, and it is Julio 'with his gard' who brings in Guiszard, IV. iv.

The Editor's thanks are due to the Earl of Ellesmere for permission to reproduce the title-page of his copy of *Tancred and Gismund*, dated 1591, and to Mr. Strachan Holme, librarian of Bridgewater House, for kindly procuring a photograph of the same.







THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GEN-  
tlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them pre-  
sented before her MAJESTIE.

*Newly revised and polished according to the decorum  
of these daies.* By R.W.



LONDON,  
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be sold by  
R. Robinson. 1591.



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L O N D O N,  
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To his friend R. VV.

**M**After R. VV. Iooke not now for the tearmes of an  
intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your pꝛo-  
mises, I wil refuse them as bad payment neither  
can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie per-  
formance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I  
meane of those wast papers (as it pleaseth you to cal the,  
but as I esteem them, a most exquisite inuention) of *Cris-  
munds Tragedie*. Think not to thrust me off with longer  
delays, nor alledge more excuses to get further respite,  
least I arrest you with my *Attum est*, and commence such  
a sute of unkindenesse against you, as when the case  
shal be scand before the Iudges of courttesie, the court wil  
c. ie out of your immoderat modestie. And thus much I  
tel you before, you shal not be able to wage against me in  
the charges growing vpon this action, especially, if the  
worshipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen pa-  
tronize my cause, as vndoubtedly they wil, yea, & rather  
plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because  
themselves are parties. The tragedie was by them most  
pitheily framed, and no lesse curiously acted in view of her  
spaciety, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as  
of the whole honorable audience notably applauded: yea,  
and of al men generally desired, as a work, either in stat-  
lines of thew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poe-  
ticall arte, inferiour to none of the best in that kinde: no,  
were the Roman *Seneca* the censurer. The braue youths  
that then (to their high praises) so feelingly performed the  
same in action, did shortly after lay by the booke vnrega-  
ded, or perhaps let it run abzoade (as many parentes doe  
their children once past bandling) not respecting so much  
what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fin-  
gers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly  
conceiued with new inuentions of like workines, wher-  
of they haue been euer since wonderfull fertill. But this  
orphan of theirs (for he wandzeth as it were fatherlesse)  
bath notwithstanding, by the rare & beuotifull perfections  
appa-



*The Tragedie*

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, unbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter. She thankfully receiveth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venomous potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her lover and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loves, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

Actus. i. Scæna. i.

*Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twist of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.*

*Cupid.* There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,  
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight  
Anaked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,  
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might  
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.  
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,  
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,  
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,  
Warre, fire, blood, and paines without recure.  
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,  
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest  
„ Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers blood,  
„ And





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L O N D O N,  
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¶ To the right VVorshipfull and  
 vertuous Ladies, the L. Marie Peter, & the Ladie  
 Anne Graie, long health of bodie, with qui-  
 et of minde, in the fauor of God and men  
 for euer.



*I* t is most certaine (right vertuous and  
 worshipfull ) that of all humane lear-  
 ning, Poetrie (how contemptible so e-  
 uer it is in these daies, is the most anci-  
 ent) and in Poetrie, there is no argument<sup>10</sup>  
 of more antiquitie and elegancie than is  
 the matter of Loue; for it seemes to be as old as the world, &  
 to beare date from the first time that man & woman was:  
 therfore in this, as in the finest mettall, the freshest wits haue  
 in all ages shewn their best workmanship. So amongst others  
 these Gentlemen, which with what sweetnesse of voice and  
 liuelinesse of action they then expressed it, they which were  
 of her Maiesties right Honorable maidens can testifie.

Which being a discourse of two louers, perhappes it may  
 seeme a thing neither fit to be offered vnto your Ladyships,<sup>20</sup>  
 nor worthie me to busie my selfe withall: yet can I tell you  
 Madames, it differeth so farre from the ordinarie amorous  
 discourses of our daies, as the manners of our time do from  
 the modestie and innocencie of that age

And now for that wearie winter is come vpon vs, which  
 bringeth with him drouping daies and tedious nights, if it  
 be true, that the motions of our mindes follow the tempera-  
 ture of the aire wherein we liue, then I thinke, the perusing  
 of some mournfull matter, tending to the view of a notable  
 example, will refresh your wits in a gloomie day, & ease your<sup>30</sup>  
 wearines of the loursing night. Which if it please you, may

### The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*serue ye also for a solemne reuell against this Festuall time, for Gismunds bloudie shadow, with a little cost, may be intreated in her selfe-like person to speake to ye.*

*Having therfore a desire to be knownen to your W I deuised this waie with my selfe to procure the same, perswading my selfe, there is nothing more welcome to your wisdomes, then the knowledge of wise, graue, & worthie matters, tending to the good instructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.*

40

*In this respect therefore, I shall humblie desire ye to bestow a fauourable countenance vpon this little labor, which when ye haue graced it withall, I must & will acknowledge my selfe greatly indebted vnto your Ladyships in this behalfe: neither shall I amongst the rest, that admire your rare vertues, (which are not a fewe in Essex) cease to commend this vnderferued gentlenes.*

*Thus desiring the king of heauen to increase his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honorable, as your liues are vertuous, I leaue with a vaine babble of many needlesse wordes to trouble you longer.*

*Your Worships most dutifull and humble Orator*

Robert Wilmot.



To his frend R. W.

**M**After *R* VV looke not now for the tearmes of an  
intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your pro-  
mises, I wil refuse them as bad payment: neither  
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that then (to their high praises) so feelingly performed the  
same in action, did shortly after lay by the booke vnregar-  
ded, or perhaps let it run abroad (as many parentes doe 30  
their children once past dandling) not respecting so much  
what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fin-  
gers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly  
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orphan of theirs (for he wandzeth as it were fatherlesse)  
hath notwithstanding, by the rare & beuotifull perfections  
appea-

appearing in him, hetherto neuer wanted great fauou-  
 rers, and louing p̄seruers. Among whom I cannot suf-  
 ficiently commend your moze then charitable zeale, and 40  
 ſcholerly compaſſion towards him, that haue not only re-  
 ſcued and defended him from the deuouring iawes of ob-  
 liuion, but bouchſafed alſo to apparrel him in a new ſute  
 at your owne charges, wherin he may again moze boldly  
 come abroad, and by your permiſſion returne to his olde  
 parents, clothed perhaps not in richer or moze coſtly fur-  
 niture then it went from them, but in handſomnes & fa-  
 ſhion moze anſwerable to theſe times, wherein faſhions  
 are ſo often altered. Let one word ſuffice for your encou-  
 ragement herein: namely, that your commendable pains 50  
 in diſrobing him of his antique curioſitie, and adorning  
 him with the appooued guiſe of our ſtateliſt Engliſhe  
 termes (not diminifhing, but moze augmenting his arti-  
 ſciall colours of abſolute poeſie, deriued from his firſt pa-  
 rents) cannot but bee grateful to moſt mens appetites,  
 who vpon our experiēce we know highly to eſteem ſuch  
 lofty meaſures of ſententiouſly compoſed Tragedies.

How much you ſhal make me, and the reſt of your pri-  
 uate friends beholding vnto you, I liſt not to diſcourſe:  
 and therfore grounding vpon theſe alledged reaſons, that 60  
 the ſuppreſſing of this Tragedie, ſo woꝛthy for y<sup>e</sup> preſſe,  
 were no other thing then wilfully to defraud your ſelfe  
 of an vniuerſall thank, your friends of theire expectations,  
 and ſweete G. of a famous eternitie. I will ceaſe to  
 doubt of any other p̄tence to cloake your baſhfulneſſe,  
 hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected a-  
 mongſt your papers) at our next appointed meeting.  
 I bid you heartely farewell. From Wyꝛgo in Elſex, Au-  
 guſt the eight, 1591.

*Tuus fide & facultate*

70

Guil. Webbe.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL AND  
*learned Societie, the Gentlemen Students of the Inner  
 Temple, with the rest of his singular good friends, the Gen-  
 tlemen of the middle Temple, and to all other courteous rea-  
 ders, R. W. wisheth increase of all health, worship &  
 learning, with the immortall glorie of the  
 graces adorning the same.*

YE may perceiue (right Worshipful) in perusing  
 the former Epistle sent to mee, how sore I am  
 beset with the importunities of my friends, to <sup>10</sup>  
 • publish this Pamphlet: Truly I am and haue bin (if  
 there be in me anie soundnes of iudgement) of this  
 opinion, that whatsoeuer is committed to the presse  
 is commended to eternitie, and it shall stand a liuely  
 witnes with our conscience, to our comfort or con-  
 fusion, in the reckning of that great daie.

Advisedly therefore was that Prouerbe vsed of  
 our elder Philosophers, *Manum a Tabula*: with-hold  
 thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the  
 print or light of the world: for a lewd word escaped <sup>20</sup>  
 is irreuocable, but a bad or base discourse published  
 in print is intollerable.

Hereupon I haue indured some conflicts between  
 reason and iudgement, whether it were conuenient  
 for the common wealth, with the *indecorum* of my  
 calling (as some thinke it) that the memorie of *Tan-  
 cred's* Tragedie should be againe by my meanes, re-  
 uiued, which the oftner I read ouer, and the more I  
 considered thereon, the sooner I was won to consent  
 therunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice re- <sup>30</sup>  
 uerend & lerned father M. Beza, was ashamed in his  
 yonger yeres, to send abroad in his owne name, his  
 Tragedie

*To the Gentlemen of the Temple.*

Tragedy of *Abraham*, nor that rare Scot (the scholer of our age) *Buchanan*, his most pathetical *Iephtha*.

Indeed I must willingly confesse this worke simple, and not worth comparison to any of theirs: for the writers of them were graue men; of this, young heads: In them is shewn the perfection of their studies; in this, the imperfection of their wits. Neuertheles herein they al agree, commending vertue, detesting vice, and liuely deciphering their ouerthrow that suppress not their vnruely affections. These things noted herin, how simple so euer the verse be, I hope the matter wil be acceptable to the wise.

Wherefore I am now bold to present *Gysmund* to your sights, and vnto yours only, for therfore haue I coniured her, by the loue that hath bin these 24. yeres betwixt vs, that she waxe not so proude of her fresh painting, to stragle in her plumes abroad, but to contem her selfe within the walles of your house; so am I sure she shalbe safe frō the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time, who are not ashamed to affirme that ther can no amarus poeme fauour of any sharpnes of wit, vnlesse it be seasoned with scurrilous words.

But leauing them to their lewdnes, I hope you, & all discreet readers, wil thankfully receiue my pains, the fruites of my first haruest: the rather, perceiuing that my purpose in this Tragedie, tendeth onely to the exaltation of vertue, & suppression of vice, with pleasure to profit and help al men, but to offend, or hurt no man. As for such as haue neither the grace, nor the good gift to doe well themselues, nor the common honestie, to speak wel of others, I must (as I may) heare and bear their baitings with patience.

*Yours deuoted in his ability, R. Wilmot.*



## A Preface to the Queenes Maidens OF HONOR.

**F**lowers of prime, pearles couched all in gold,  
Light of our daies that glads the fainting hearts  
Of them that shall your shining geamlis behold,  
Salue of each fore, recure of inward smart,  
In whom Vertue and Beautie striueth so,  
As neither yeelds, behold here for your gaine  
*Gismonds* vnluckie loue, her fault, her wo  
And death, at last her cruell Father flaine 10  
Through his mishap, and though you do not see,  
Yet reade and rew their wofull Tragedie.  
So Ioue, as your high vertues done deserue,  
Grant you such pheeres, as may your vertues serue  
With like vertues, and blisfull Venus send  
Vnto your happie loues an happie end.

*Another to the same.*

**G***Ismond*, that whilome liu'de her fathers ioy  
And died his death, now dead, doth as she may  
By vs praie you to pittie her annoy. 20  
And to requite the same, doth humbly pray,  
Heauens to forefend your loues from like decay.  
The faithfull Earle doth also make request,  
Wishing those worthie knights whom ye imbrace,  
The constant truth that lodged in his breast.  
His hartie loue, not his vnhappie case,  
Besfall to such as triumph in your grace.

A

The



*The Tragedie*

The King praies pardon of his cruell heft,  
And for amends, defires it may fuffice,  
That by his bloud he warneth all the reft 30  
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wife,  
Intreat the Iewels where their comfort lies.  
We, as their meffengers, befeech ye al  
On their behalpes, to pittie all their fmarts,  
And for our felues, (although the worth be fmall)  
We praie ye, to accept our humble hearts  
Auoud to ferue with praier and with praife,  
Your Honors, all vnworthie other waies.

The Tragedie of Tancred  
*and Gismund.*

*Argumentum Tragediæ.*

**T***ancred* the Prince of Salerne, ouerlous  
His onely daughter (wonder of that age)  
*Gismund*, who loues the Countie Palurin,  
*Guilhard*, who quites her likings with his loue :  
A Letter in a cane, describes the meanes  
Of their two meetings, in a fecret caue.  
Vnconstant fortune leadeth forth the king  
To this vnhappy fight, wherewith in rage,  
The gentle Earle he doometh to his death, 10  
And greets his daughter with her louers hart.  
*Gismunda* filis the goblet with her teares,  
And drinckes a poifon which ſhe had diſtild,  
Whereof ſhe dies, whoſe deadly countenance  
So grieues her Father, that he flew himſelfe.

An

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

An other of the same more at large  
in prose.



TANCRED king of Naples and Prince of Salerne, gaue his only daughter Gismund (whom he most dearely loued) in mariage to <sup>20</sup> a foraine Prince, after whose death she returned home to her Father, who hauing felt great griefe of hir absence whilst her husband liued, immesurably esteeming her, determined neuer to suffer any second mariage to bereaue him of hir. She on the other side waxing wearie of that her fathers purpose, bent hir mind to the secret loue of the County Palurin: to whom (he being likewise inflamed with loue of her) by a Letter subtilly inclosed in a clouen cane, she gaue to vnderstand a conuenient waie for their desired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whose <sup>30</sup> mouth opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vault when she was one day descended (for the conuaince of hir loue) hir father in the meane season (whose only ioy was in his daughter) came to hir chamber, and not finding her there, supposing her to haue bin walked abroad for hir disport, he threw him downe on hir bed, and couered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and rest there till hir returne. She nothing suspecting this hir fathers vnseasonable comming, brought vp hir loue out of the caue into hir chamber, where hir father espied their secret loue: and hee <sup>40</sup> (not espied of them) was vpon this sight stricken with meruailous grieffe; but either for that the sodaine despight had amazed him, & taken from him all vse of speech, or for that he resolved himself to a more coueniēt reuenge, he then spake nothing, but noted their returne into the vault, and secretly  
A 2 departed.

*The Tragedie*

*departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, vnbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter. She thankfully receiueth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venomous 50  
potton (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her louer and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loues, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.*

*Actus. i. Scæna. i.*

*i. 1*

*Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twist of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.*

*Cupid.* There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,  
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight  
A naked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,  
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might 10  
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.  
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,  
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,  
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,  
Warre, fire, blood, and paines without recure.  
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,  
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest  
„Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers blood,  
„And

of *Tancred and Gismond.*

- „And feed vpon the heart within his breast.  
20 Well hath my power in heauen and earth bin tride,  
And deepest hell, my pearcing force hath knowen.  
The marble seas, my wonders haue descride,  
Which elder age throughtout the world hath blowen.  
To me, the king of Gods and men doth yeeld,  
As witnes can the Greekish maide, whom I *Id.*  
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,  
Least iealous Iuno should the scape espie:  
The doubled night, the Sunnes restrained course,  
• His secret stealths, the slander to eschew,  
30 In shape transformd, we list not to discourse. *Like to*  
All that and more we forced him to do. *Amphi-*  
The warlike Mars hath not subdude our might, *trio to*  
We feard him not, his furie nor disdaine, *Alcmena.*  
That can the Gods record: before whose fight  
He laie fast wrapt in Vulcans subtill chaine.  
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,  
Let him behold the fall and cruell spoile  
Of thee faire Troy, of Asia the flower,  
So foule defast, and leueld with the soile.  
40 Who forst Leander with his naked brest  
So many nights to cut the frothie waues,  
But Heroes loue, that lay inclosde in Sest?  
The stoutest hearts to me shall yeeld them flauers.  
Who could haue matcht the huge Alcides strength, *Hercules.*  
Great Macedon, what force might haue subdude? *Alexand.*  
Wise Scipio who ouercame at length,  
But we, that are with greater force endude?  
Who could haue conquered the golden fleece  
But Iason, aided by Medeas art?  
50 Who durst haue stolne faire Helen out of Greece

*The Tragedie*

But I, with loue that boldned Paris heart  
What bond of nature, what restraint auales  
Against our power? I vouch to witnes truth.

*Myrrha* The Myrhe tree that with shamefast teares bewailes  
Her fathers loue, still weepeth yet for ruth  
But now, this world not seeing in these daies,  
Such present proofes of our al-daring power,  
Disdaines our name, and seeketh fundrie waies,  
To scorne and scoffe, and shame vs euerie houre,  
A brat, a bastard, and an idle boy, 60  
A rod, a staffe, a whip to beate him out,  
And to be sicke of loue, a childish toy,  
These are mine honors now the world about,  
My name disgraft, to raise againe therefore,  
And in this age, mine ancient renowme  
By mightie acts, intending to restore,  
Downe to the earth, in wrath now am I come.  
And in this place, such wonders shall ye heare,  
As these your stubborne, and disdainfull hearts,  
In melting teares, and humble yeelding feare, 70  
Shall soone relent by fight of others smarts.  
This princely pallace, will I enter in,  
And there inflame, the faire Gismunda, so  
Inraging all her secret vaines within,  
Through fire loue, that she shall feele much wo.  
Too late repentance, thou shalt bend my bow.  
Vaine hope, take out my pale dead heauie shaft,  
Thou faire Resemblance, formost forth shalt go,  
With Brittle ioy: my selfe will not be least,  
But after me, comes death, and deadly paine. 80  
Thus shall ye march, till we returne againe,  
Meane while, sit still, and here I shall you shew

Such

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Such wonders, that at last with one accord,  
Ye shall relent, and saie that now ye know,  
Loue rules the world, Loue is a mightie Lord, *Exit.*  
*Cupid with his traine entereth into King Tan-*  
*creds Pallace.*

1 " *Gismunda in Purple commeth out of her Chamber, atten-*  
*ded by foure maides that are the Chorus.*

Scæna. 2.

90

- „ **O** Vaine, vnsteadfast state of mortall things, *Gismund.*  
„ Who trusts this world, leans to a brittle stay,  
„ Such fickle fruit, his flattering bloome forth  
„ Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay, (brings  
The ioy and blisse that late I did possesse,  
In weale at will, with one I loued best,  
Is turned now into so deepe distresse,  
As teacheth me to know the worlds vnrest.  
For neither wit nor princely stomackes serue  
100 Against his force that slaies without respect,  
The noble and the wretch: ne doth reserue,  
So much as one, for worthines elect.  
Ah me deare Lord, what well of teares may serue  
To feed the streames of my foredulled eies,  
To weepe thy death, as thy death doth deserue,  
And waile thy want in full sufficing wise.  
Ye lampes of heauen, and all ye heauenly powers,  
Wherein did he procure your high disdame,  
He neuer sought with vast huge mounting towers  
110 To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,  
Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,  
That thus your furie should on me be throwen,  
To
-

*The Tragedie*

To plague a woman with such endles cares,  
I feare that enuie hath the heauens thus shoven.  
The Sunne his glorious vertues did disdaine,  
Mars at his manhood mightily repind,  
Yea all the Gods no longer could sustaine,  
Each one to be excelled in his kind.  
For he my Lord surpast them euerie one,  
Such was his honor all the world throughout, 120  
But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?  
I know thy ghost doth houer here about,  
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:  
And I (deare loue) would faine dissolue this strife,  
But staie a while, I may perhaps foresee  
Some meanes to be disburdend of this life,  
„And to discharge the dutie of a wife,  
„Which is, not onely in this life to loue,  
„But after death her fancie not remoue.  
Meane while accept of these our daily rites, 130  
Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,  
Which is, in songs to cheere our dying spirits  
With hymnes of praises of thy memorie.

*Cantant.*

*Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.*

The Song ended,

*Tancred the King commeth out of his pallace with* 1. in  
*his guard.* Scæna. 3.

*Tancred.* Faire daughter, I haue sought thee out with griefe,  
To ease the sorrowes of thy vexed heart. 140  
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus?  
Who daily dies to see thy needles teares,  
Such bootlesse plaints that know nor meane nor end  
Do but increase the floods of thy lament,

And

:  
of *Tancred and Gismund.*

And since the world knowes wel there was no want  
In thee, of ought that did to him belong  
Yet all thou seeft could not his life prolong.  
Why thē doeft thou prouoke the heauens to wrath ?  
His doome of death was dated by his ftarres,

150 „And who is he that may withftand his fate ?  
By thefe complaintes fmall good to him thou doeft,  
Much griefe to me, moft hurt vnto thy felfe,  
And vnto Nature greateft wrong of all.

*Gif.* Tell me not of the date of natures daies,

• Then in the Aprill of her fpringing age :

No, no, it was my cruell deftinie,  
That fpited at the pleafance of my life.

*Tanc.* My daughter knowes the prooffe of natures

„For as the heauens do guide the lamp of life (courfe

160 „So can they fearch no further forth the flame,

„Then whilft with oyle they do maintain the fame.

*Gif.* Curft be the ftarres, and vanifh may they curft,  
Or fall from heauen, that in the dire aspect,  
Abridgde the health and welfare of my loue.

*Tanc.* Gismund my ioy, fet all thefe griefes apart,

„The more thou art with hard mishap befet,

„The more thy patience fhould procure thine eafe.

*Gif.* What hope of hap may cheere my haples chance

What fighs, what teares may counteruail my cares ?

170 What fhould I do, but ftill his death bewaile,  
That was the folace of my life and foule ?

Now, now I want the wonted guide and ftay  
Of my defires, and of my wreakleffe thoughts,  
My Lord, my loue, my life, my liking gone,  
In whome was all the fulnes of my ioy,  
To whom I gaue the firft frutes of my loue,

B

Who

:



*The Tragedie*

Who with the comfort of his onely sight,  
All cares and sorrowes could from me remove.  
But father, now my ioyes forepast to tel,  
Doe but reuiue the horrors of my hell. 180  
As she that seemes in darkenes to behold  
The glad some pleasures of the chearefull light.  
*Tanc.* What then auails thee fruitlesse thus to rue  
His absence whom the heauens cannot returne :  
Impartiall death thy husband did subdue,  
Yet hath he spar'd thy kingly fathers life :  
Who during life, to thee a double stay,  
As father, and as husband will remaine,  
With doubled loue to ease thy widowes want.  
Of him whose want is cause of thy complaint, 190  
Forbeare thou therefore al these needlesse teares,  
That nippe the blossoms of thy beauties pride.  
*Gif.* Father, these teares loue chalengeth of due.  
*Tan.* But reason saith thou shouldst the same subdue.  
*Gif.* His funerals are yet before my sight.  
*Tan.* In endles mones Princes should not delight.  
*Gif.* The turtle pines in losse of her true mate.  
*Tan.* And so continues poore and desolate.  
*Gif.* Who can forget a iewell of such price ?  
*Tanc.* She that hath learnd to master her desires. 200  
„ Let reason worke that time doth easilie frame  
„ In meanest wittes : to beare the greatest illes.  
*Gif.* So plenteous are the springs  
Of sorrowes that increase my passions,  
As neither reason can recure my smart,  
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort  
Appease the stormie combats of my thoughts,  
Such is the sweet remembrance of his life.  
Then geue me leaue, of pittie pittie me,

•  
*of Tancred and Gismund.*

210 And as I can I shall allay these Greefes.

*Tan.* These solitarie walkes thou doest frequent,  
Yeeld fresh occasions to thy secrete mones:  
We wil therefore thou keep vs companie,  
Leauing thy maidens with their harmonie.  
Wend thou with vs, virgins withdraw your selues.

*Tan. and Gif. with the Gard, depart into the pallace, the  
four maydens stay behind, as Chorus to the Tragædie.*

*The diuers haps which alwayes worke our care,  
Our ioyes so farre, our woes so neere at hand,*

Chor. 1.

230 *Haue long ere this, and dayly doe declare*

*The fickle foot on which our state doeth stand.*

„ *Who plants his pleasures here to gather roote,*

„ *And hopes his happy life wil still endure,*

„ *Let him behold how death with stealing foote*

„ *Steps in, when he shall thinke his ioyes most sure.*

„ *No ranfome serueth to redeem our daies.*

*If promes could preferue, or worthy deedes,*

*He had yet liu'd whose twelue labours displays*

*His enddlesse fame, and yet his honor spreades.*

230 *And that great king that with so small a power*

*Bereft the might ie Persian his crowne:*

*Doeth witnesse well our life is but a flower,*

*Though it be deckt with honor and renomme.*

Alexan-  
der.

„ *What growes to day in fauor of the heauen,*

Chor. 2.

„ *Nurft with the sun, and with the showers sweete,*

„ *Pluckt with the hand it withereth ere euen.*

„ *So passe our daies euen as the riuers fleete.*

*The valiant Greekes that vnto Troya gaue*

*The tenne yeeres siege, left but their names behind.*

240 *And he that did so long and onelie faue*

Hector.

*His fathers walles, found there at last his end.*

*The Tragedie*

Proud Rome her selfe, that whilome laid her yoke  
On the wide world, and vanquisht all with warre,  
Yet could she not remoue the fatall stroke  
Of death, from them that stretcht her power so farre.

- Chor. 3. *Looke what the cruell sisters once decreed  
The thunderer himselfe cannot remoue:  
They are the Ladies of our destinie,  
To worke beneath, what is conspirde aboue,  
But happie he that ends this mortall life, 250  
By speedie death, who is not forst to see,  
The many cares, nor feele the sundrie griefes  
Which we sustaine, in wo and miserie.  
Heere Fortune rules, who when she list to play,  
Whirleth her wheele, and brings the high full low,  
To morow takes, what she hath giuen to daie,  
To shew she can aduance, and ouer throw.  
Not Euripus vnquiet floud so oft  
Ebs in a daie, and floweth too and fro,  
As Fortunes change, pluckes downe that was aloft, 260  
And mingleth ioy, with enterchange of wo.*

- Chor. 4. „ Who liues below, and feeleth not the strokes,  
„ Which often times on highest towers do fall,  
„ Nor blustering winds, wherwith the strongest okes  
Are rent and torne, his life is surste of all:  
For he may scorne Fortune, that hath no power  
On him, that is well pleasd with his estate.  
He seeketh not her sweets, nor feares her sower,  
But liues contented in his quiet rate,  
And marking how these worldly things do wade, 270  
Reioyceth to himselfe, and laughs to see  
The folly of men, that in their wits haue made,  
Fortune a goddesse, placed in the skie.

*Finis Actus 1. Exegit Rod. Staf.*

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

II :

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

**D**Eare Aunt, my sole companion in distresse, *Gismund.*  
And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares :  
When with my selfe, I way my present state,  
Comparing it with my forepast daies,  
280 New heapes of cares, afresh beginne t'assay  
My pensiue heart : as when the glittering raies,  
Of bright *Phæbus*, are sodainely ore-spred,  
• With duskie clouds, that dim his golden light,  
Namely, when I, laid in my widowes bed,  
Amid the silence, of the quiet night,  
With curious thought, the fleeting course obserue,  
Of gladsome youth : how soone his flower decaies.  
„ How time once past, may neuer haue recourse,  
„ No more then may the running streames reuert,  
290 „ To climbe the hilles, when they bin rowled down  
„ The hollow vales, there is no curious art,  
„ Nor worldlie power, no not the gods can hold  
„ The sway of flying time, nor him returne  
„ When he is past : all things vnto his might  
„ Must bend, and yeeld, vnto the Iron teeth  
„ Of eating time : this in the shedy night,  
When I record, how soone my youth withdrawes  
It selfe away, how swift my pleasaunt spring  
Runnes out his race, this this (Aunt) is the cause.  
300 When I aduise me sadlie on this thing,  
That makes my heart, in pensiue dumps dismaid.  
For if I should, my springing yeares neglect.  
And suffer youth, fruitles to fade away :  
Whereto liue I? or whereto was I borne?

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

II. i

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

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And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares :  
When with my selfe, I way my present state,  
Comparing it with my forepassed daies,  
280 New heapes of cares, afresh beginne t'assay  
My penſiue heart : as when the glittering raies,  
Of bright *Phæbus*, are ſodainely ore-ſpred,  
• With duskie clouds, that dim his golden light,  
Namely, when I, laid in my widowes bed,  
Amid the ſilence, of the quiet night,  
With curious thought, the fleeting courſe obſerue,  
Of gladſome youth : how ſoone his flower decaies.  
„ How time once paſt, may neuer haue recourse,  
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„ The ſway of flying time, nor him returne  
„ When he is paſt : all things vnto his might  
„ Muſt bend, and yeeld, vnto the Iron teeth  
„ Of eating time : this in the ſhedy night,  
When I record, how ſoone my youth withdrawes  
It ſelfe away, how ſwift my pleaſaunt ſpring  
Runnes out his race, this this (Aunt) is the cauſe.  
300 When I aduiſe me ſadlie on this thing,  
That makes my heart, in penſiue dumps diſmaid.  
For if I ſhould, my ſpringing yeares neglect.  
And ſuffer youth, fruitles to fade away :  
Whereto liue I ? or whereto was I borne ?

*The Tragedie*

Wherefore hath nature deckt me with her grace?  
Why haue I tasted the delights of loue?  
And felt the sweets of Hymeneus bed?  
But to say sooth (deare Aunt) it is not I  
Sole and alone, can thus content to spend  
My chearefull yeares: my father will not still 310  
Prolong my mournings, which haue grieued him,  
And pleased me too long. Then this I craue,  
To be resolued of his princelie minde.  
For, stode it with the pleasure of his will  
To marrie me, my fortune is not such,  
So hard, that I so long should still persist  
Makelesse alone in wofull widowhood,  
And shall I tell mine Aunt? come hether then,  
Geue me that hand, by thine owne right hand,  
I charge thy heart my counsels to conceale. 320  
Late haue I seene, and seeing, tooke delight,  
And with delight, I will not say, I loue,  
A Prince, an Earle, a Countie in the Court.  
But loue and duetie force me to reframe,  
And drue away these fond affections,  
Submitting them vnto my fathers heft.  
But this (good Aunt) this is my chiefeft paine,  
Because I stand at such vncertaine stay:  
For if my kingle father would decree  
His finall doome, that I must leade my life 330  
Such as I doe, I would content me then  
To frame my fancies to his princely heaft,  
And as I might, endure the greefe thereof.  
But now his silence doubleth all my doubts,  
Whilest my suspitious thoughts twixt hope & feare,  
Distract me into fundrie passions.

There-

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Therefore (good Aunt) this labour must be yours,  
To vnderstand my fathers will herein :  
For wel I know your wisdom knowes the meanes,  
340 So shall you both allay my stormie thoughts,  
And bring to quiet my vnquiet mind.

*Luc.* Sufficeth this (good Neece) that you haue said,  
For I perceiue what fundrie passions  
Striue in your brest, which oftentimes ere this  
Your countenance confused did bewray,  
The ground whereof since I perceiue to grow

• On iust respect of this your sole estate,  
And skilfull care of fleeting youths decay,  
Your wise foresight such sorrowing to eschew

350 I much commend, and promise as I may  
To breake this matter, and impart your mind,  
Vnto your father, and to worke it so,  
As both your honor shal not be impeacht,  
Nor he vnſatisfied of your desire.

Be you no farther greeued, but returne  
Into your chamber. I shall take this charge,  
And you shall shortlie truely vnderstand  
What I haue wrought, and what the king affirms.  
*Gif.* I leaue you to the fortune of my starres.

360 *Gif. departeth into her chamber, Luc. abiding on the stage.*

*Luc.* The heauens I hope will fauour your request.  
My Neece shall not impute the cause to be  
In my default, her will should want effect:  
But in the king is all my doubt, least he  
My suite for her new mariage should reiect.  
Yet shall I proue him: and I heard it said,  
He meanes this euening in the parke to hunt,  
Here will I wait attending his approach.

*Tancred*

*The Tragedie*

*Tancred commeth out of his Pallace with Guifzard the Countie Palurine, Iulio the Lord Chamberlaine, Renuchio captaine of his Guard, all ready to hunt.* 371

Scæna. 2.

*Tancred.* **V**Ncouple all our hounds: Lords to the chase:  
Faire sister Lucre, what's the newes with you?

*Luc.* Sir, as I alwaies haue imployd my power,  
And faithfull seruice, such as lay in me,  
In my best wife, to honour you and yours:  
So now, my bounden dutie moueth me,  
Your maiestie most humblie to intreat,  
With patient eares, to vnderstand the state,  
Of my pore neece, your daughter. *Tanc.* what of her? 380  
Is she not well? Inioyes she not her health?

Say sister, ease me of this iealous feare?

*Lucr.* She liues my Lord, & hath her outward helth,  
But all the danger of her sicknes lies  
In the disquiet of her princelie mind:

*Tan.* Resolue me? what afflicts my daughter so,

*Lucr.* Since when the Princes hath intoumb'd her  
Her late diseased husband of renowne: (Lord

Brother, I see, and verie well perceiue, 390  
She hath not clos'de together in his graue,  
All sparkes of nature, kindnes, nor of loue:  
But as she liues, so liuing may she feele,  
Such passions as our tender hearts oppresse,  
Subiect vnto th'impressions of desire:

For well I wot, my neece was neuer wrought,  
Of Steele, nor carued from the stonie rocke,  
Such stearne hardnes, we ought not to expect,  
In her, whose princelie heart, and springing yeares,  
Yet



*of Tancred and Gismund.*

- 400 Yet flowring in the chiefeſt heat of youth,  
Is lead of force, to feed on ſuch conceits,  
As eaſilie befallles that age, which asketh ruth  
Of them, whome nature bindeth by foresight  
Of their graue yeares, and carefull loue to reach,  
The things that are about their feeble force :  
And for that cauſe, dread Lord although.
- Tanc.* Siſter I ſay.  
If you eſteeme, or ought reſpect my life,  
Her honor, and the welfare of our houſe,  
410 Forbeare, and wade no further in this ſpeech.  
Your words, are wounds, I verie well perceue,  
The purpoſe of this ſmooth oration :  
This I ſuſpected, when you firſt began,  
This faire diſcourſe with vs : Is this the end  
Of all our hopes, that we haue promiſed  
Vnto our ſelfe, by this her widdowhood ?  
Would our deare daughter, would our onely ioy,  
Would ſhe forſake vs ? would ſhe leaue vs now ?  
Before ſhe hath cloſed vp, our dying eies,  
420 And with her teares, bewaild our funerall ?  
No other ſolace, doth her father craue,  
But whilſt the fates, maintaine his dying life,  
Her healthfull preſence, gladſome to his ſoule,  
Which rather then he willing would for-goe,  
His heart deſires, the bitter taſt of death :  
Her late marriage, hath taught vs to our griefe,  
That in the fruits, of her perpetuall fight  
Conſiſts the onely comfort and reliefe,  
Of our vnweldy age : for what delight  
430 What ioy ? what comfort ? haue we in this world,  
Now growen in yeares, and ouer-worne with cares,

*The Tragedie*

Subiect vnto the sodain stroke of death,  
Already falling like the mellowed fruite,  
And dropping by degrees into our graue.  
But what reuiues vs? what maintaines our soule  
Within the prison of our withered brest?  
But our *Gismunda* and her chearefull sight.  
O daughter, daughter, what desert of mine,  
Wherein haue I beene so vnkind to thee?  
Thou shouldst desire to make my naked house 440  
Yet once againe stand desolate by thee?  
O let such fantasies vanish with their thoughts,  
Tell her I am her father, whose estate,  
Wealth, honor, life, and all that we possesse,  
Whollie relies vpon her presence here.  
Tell her I must account her all my ioy,  
Worke as she will: But yet she were vniust,  
To haste his death that liueth by her sight  
*Lucr.* Her gentle hart abhors such ruthles thoughts.  
*Tan.* Then let her not geue place to these desires. 450  
*Lucr.* She craues the right that nature chalengeth.  
*Tan.* Tell her the king commaundeth otherwise.  
*Lucr.* The kings cōmandment alwaies should be iust.  
*Tan.* What ere it be the kings commaund is iust.  
*Lucr.* Iust to commaund: but iustlie must he charge.  
*Tanc.* He chargeth iustlie that commands as king.  
*Lucr.* The kings command concerns the body best.  
*Tan.* The king commands obedience of the minde.  
*Luc.* That is exempted by the law of kinde,  
*Tan.* That law of kind to children doth belong. 460  
*Luc.* In due obedience to their open wrong.  
*Tan.* I then, as king and father, will commaund.  
*Luc.* No more then may with right of reason stand.

*Tan.*

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

*Tan.* Thou knowest our minde, resolute her, depart,  
Returne the chase, we haue beene chac'd enough.

*Tancred returneth into his pallace, & leaueth the hunt.*

*Luc.* He cannot heare, anger hath stopt his eares.  
And ouer-loue his iudgement hath decaide.

Ah my poore Neece, I shrewdly feare thy cause.

470 Thy iust complaint shall neuer be relieu'd.

*II. in*      *Gismunda commeth alone out of her chamber.*

Scæna 3.

*Gif.* **B**Y this I hope my aunt hath mou'd the king.  
And knows his mind, & makes return to me  
To end at once all this perplexitie.

Lo where she stands. Oh how my trembling heart  
In doubtfull thoughts panteth within my brest.  
For in her message doth relie my smart,  
Or the sweet quiet of my troubled minde.

480 *Luc.* Neece, on the point you lately willed me

To treat of with the king in your behalfe,  
I brake euen now with him so farre, till he  
In sodain rage of grieffe, ere I scarce had  
My tale out tolde, praid me to stint my suite,  
As that from which his minde abhorred most.  
And well I see his fanſie to refute,  
Is but displeasure gainde, and labor lost.

So firmly fixed stands his kingly will,  
That til his body shalbe lai d in graue,

490 He will not part from the desired sight  
Of your presence, which silder he should haue,  
If he had once allied you againe,  
In marriage to any prince or peere.

*The Tragedie*

This is his finall resolution.

*Gif.* A resolution that resolues my bloud  
Into the Ice-sie drops of Lethes flood,

*Luc.* Therefore my counsel is, you shall not sturre,  
Nor further wade in such a case as this:  
But since his will, is grounded on your loue,  
And that it lies in you, to saue or spill, 500  
His old fore-wasted age: you ought t'eschew,  
The thing that greeues so much his crazed heart,  
And in the state you stand, content your selfe:  
And let this thought, appease your troubled mind,  
That in your hands, relies your fathers death,  
Or blisfull life, and since without your fight,  
He cannot liue, nor can his thoughts indure,  
Your hope of marriage, you must then relent,  
And ouer-rule these fond affections:  
Least it be said, you wrought your fathers end. 510

*Gif.* Deare Aunt, I haue with patient eares indurde,  
The hearing of my fathers hard behest:  
And since I see, that neither I my selfe,  
Nor your request, can so preuaile with him,  
Nor anie sage aduice perswade his mind  
To grant me my desire, In willing wise,  
I must submit me vnto his command,  
And frame my heart to serue his maiestie.  
And (as I may) to drine awaie the thoughts  
That diuersly distract my passions, 520  
Which as I can, Ile labour to subdue,  
But sore I feare, I shall but toile in vaine,  
Wherein (good Ant) I must desire your paine.  
*Luc.* What lies in me by comfort or aduice,  
I shall discharge with all humilitie.

*Gismund and Lucre depart into Gismunds chamber.*

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Chorus primus.

Who markes our former times and present yeres,  
What we are now, and lookes what we haue bin,  
530 He cannot but lament with bitter teares,  
The great decay and change of all women.  
For as the world wore on and waxed olde,  
So vertue quaild, and vice began to grow.  
So that, that age, that whilome was of golde,  
Is worse than brasse, more vile than yron now,  
The times were such, that if we ought beleue  
Of elder daies) women examples were,  
Of rare vertues: Lucre disdained to liue  
Longer then chaste: and boldly without feare  
540 Tooke sharpe reuenge on her inforced heart,  
With her owne hands: for that it not withstood  
The wanton will, but yeelded to the force  
Of proud *Tarquin*, who bought hir fame with blood.  
Queene *Artemissa* thought an hepe of stones,  
(Although they were the wonder of that age)  
A worthlesse graue, wherein to rest the bones  
Of her deare Lord, but with bold courage,  
She dranke his heart, and made her louely breast  
His tombe, and failed not of wifely faith,  
550 Of promise loue, and of her bound behest,  
Vntill she ended had her daies by death.  
Vlysses wife (such was her stedfastnesse)  
Abode his slow returne whole twentie yeeres:  
And spent her youthfull daies in pensiuenes,  
Bathing her widdowes bed with brinish teares.  
The stout daughter of *Cato Brutus* wife, *Portia*  
When she had heard his death, did not desire  
Longer to liue: and lacking vse of knife,

Chor. 2.

Chor. 3

*The Tragedie*

(A most strange thing) ended her life by fire,  
And eat whot burning coales: O worthy dame! 560  
O vertues worthy of eternall praise!

The flood of Lethe cannot wash out thy fame,  
To others great reproach, shame, and dispraise.

Chor. 4. *Rare are those vertues now in womens mind,  
Where shall we seeke such iewels passing strange?  
Scarfe can you now among a thousand finde  
One woman stedfast all delight in change.  
Marke but this princeesse that lamented here,  
Of late so sore her noble husbands death,  
And thought to liue alone without a pheare, 570  
Behold how soone she changed hath that breath.  
I thinke those Ladies that haue liu'd t ofore,  
A mirror and a glasse to womenkinde,  
By those their vertues they did set such store,  
That vnto vs they none bequeath'd behinde.  
Els in so many yeeres we might haue seene  
As vertuous as euer they haue beene.*

Chor. 1. Yet let not vs maydens condemne our kinde,  
Because our vertues are not all so rare:  
For we may freshly yet record in minde, 580  
There liues a virgin, one without compare:  
Who of all graces hath her heauenly share.  
In whose renowme, and for whose happie daies,  
Let vs record this Pæan of her praise.

*Cantant.*

*Finis Actus 2. Per Hen. No.*

Actus. 3.

Scæna. 1.

III. i

*Cupid.* SO, now they feel what lordly loue can d  
that proudly practise to deface his nam

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

- 590 In vaine they wrastle with so fierce a foe,  
of little sparkes arise a blazing flame.  
„ By small occasions loue can kindle heate,  
„ and wast the Oken brest to cinder dust :  
*Gismund* I haue entised to forget  
her widdowes weedes, and burne in raging lust :  
Twas I enforst her father to denie  
her second marriage to any peere :  
Twas I allur'd her once againe to trie  
the sower sweetes that Louers buy too deere.
- 600 The Countie *Palurin*, a man right wise,  
a man of exquisite perfections :  
I haue like wounded with her pearling eyes,  
and burnt her heart with his reflections.  
These two shall ioy in tasting of my sweete,  
to make them proue more feelingly the greefe  
That bitter brings: for when their ioyes shall fleete,  
their dole shalbe increast without releefe.  
Thus loue shall make worldlings to know his might,  
thus loue shall force great princes to obey.
- 610 Thus loue shall daunt each proud rebelling spirite,  
thus loue shall wreake his wrath on their decay.  
Their ghostes shall doe black hell to vnderstand,  
how great and wonderfull a God is Loue :  
And this shall learne the Ladies of this lande,  
with patient mundes his mighty power to proue.  
From whence I did descend now will I mount,  
to Ioue, and all the Gods in their delights :  
In throne of triumph there will I recount,  
how I by sharpe reuenge on mortall wights,
- 620 Haue taught the earth, and learned hellish spirites  
to yeeld with feare their stubburn hearts to loue :

Left

*The Tragedie*

Leaft their difdain, his plagues and vengeance proue  
*Cupid remounteth into the heauens.*

*Lucrece commeth out of Gismunds Chamber folitary. III.* "

Scæna. 2.

*Luc.* **P**Itie, that moueth euery gentle heart,  
To rue their griefs, that be diftreft in pain,  
Inforceth me, to waile my neeces smart,  
Whofe tender brest, no long time may sustaine,  
The restleffe toyle, that her vnquiet mind, 620  
Hath cauld her feeble bodie to indure,  
But why it is, (alacke) I must not find,  
Nor know the man, by whome I might procure  
Her remedie, as I of dutie ought,  
As to the law of kinship, doth belong,  
With carefull heart, the secret meanes I sought,  
Though small effect, is of my trauell sprong:  
Full often as I durst, I haue affaid,  
With humble words, the princes to require,  
To name the man, which she hath so denaid, 640  
That it abasht me, further to desire, (ceed,  
Or aske from whence, those cloudie thoughts pro-  
Whose stonie force: that smokie sighs forth send,  
Is liuelie witnes, how that carefull dread,  
And hot desire, within her doe contend:  
Yet she denies, what she confest of yore,  
And then conioynd me, to conceale the same:  
She loued once, (she saith) but neuer more,  
Nor euer will, her fancie thereto frame:  
Though daily, I obserued in my brest, 650  
What sharpe conflicts, disquiet her so fore,  
That



*of Tancred and Gismund.*

That heauy sleep cannot procure her rest,  
But fearefull dreames present her euermore  
Most hideous fights her quiet to molest  
That starting oft therwith she doth awake,  
To muse vpon those fancies which torment  
Her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doth make  
Her cold chil sweat break foorth incontinent  
From her weake lims : and while the quiet night  
660 Geues others rest, she turning to and fro  
Doth wish for day. But when the day brings light,  
• She keeps her bed, there to record her woe.  
As soon as when she riseth flowing teares  
Stream down her chekes, immixt with dedly grones  
Whereby her inward sorow so appeares,  
That as salt teares the cruell cause bemones.  
In case she be constrained to abide  
" In preace of company, she scarcely may  
Her trembling voice restraine it be not spied  
670 From careful plaints her sorrowes to bewray.  
By which restraint the force doth so increase,  
When time and place geue liberty to plaine.  
That as small streames from running neuer cease,  
Til they returne into the seas againe :  
So her laments we feare wil not amend,  
Before they bring her Princely life to end.  
To others talke when as she should attend,  
Her heaped cares her senses so oppresse,  
That what they speak, or wherto their words tende  
680 She knowes not, as her answeres do expresse.  
Her chiefe delight is stil to be alone,  
Her pensiue thoughts within themselues debate,  
But whereupon this restless life is growen,

D

Since

f  
*The Tragedie*

Since I know not nor how the fame t'abate.  
I can no more but wish it as I may,  
That he which knowes it would the same allay,  
For which the Muses with my song shal pray.

*After the song, which was by report very sweetely repeated of the Chorus, Lucrece departeth into Gismunds chamber, and Guiszhard commeth out of the III. m Pallace with Iulio & Renuchio, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and saith.*

Scæna. 3.

*Guif.* **L**eaue me my friends, this solitarie walke  
Intiseth me to breake your companie.  
Leaue me my friends, I can endure no talk.  
Let me intreat this common curtesie.

*The Gentlemen depart.*

What greuous pain they dure which neither may  
Forget their Lones, ne yet enioy their loue. 700  
I know by prooffe, and daily make assay,  
Though Loue hath brought my Ladies hart to loue  
My faithfull loue with like loue to requite :  
This doeth not quench, but rather cause to flame  
The creeping fire, which spreading in my brest  
With raging heat, graunts me no time of rest.  
If they bewaile their cruell destenie,  
Which spend their loue wher they no loue can find  
Wel may I plaine, since Fortune haleth me  
To this torment of far more greuous kind. 710  
Wherein I feele as much extremitie,  
As may be felt in body or in minde.  
For by that sight which should recure my paine,  
My sorowes are redoubled all in vaine.  
Now I perceiue that only I alone  
Am her belou'd, her lookes assure me so :

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

The thought thereof prouokes me to bemone  
Her heauy plight that greeueth at my woe.  
This entercourse of our affections :

720 I her to ferue, she thus to honor me,  
Bewraies the trueth of our elections,  
Delighting in this mutual sympathie.  
Thus loue for loue intreates the Queen of loue,  
That with her help Loues solace we may proue.  
I see my mistres seekes as well as I  
To stay the strife of her perplexed mind :  
Full fame she would our secreete companie,  
If she the wished way therof might finde.  
Heauens haue ye seen, or hath the age of man

730 Recorded such a myracle as this  
In equall loue two noble harts to frame,  
That neuer spake one with anothers blisse,  
I am assured that she doth assent,  
To my reliefe that I should reape the same,  
If she could frame the meanes of my content,  
Keeping her selfe from danger of defame.  
In happy houre right now I did receiue  
This came from her: which gift though it be small,  
Receiuing it what ioyes I did conceiue,  
740 Within my fainting spirits therewithall,  
Who knoweth loue aright may wel conceaue,  
By like aduentures that to them befall.  
„ For needs the Louer must esteeme that well,  
„ Which comes from her with whom his hart doth  
Assuredly it is not without cause (dwel.  
She gaue me this : something she meant thereby :  
For therewithall I might perceiue her pause  
Awhile, as though some waightie thing did lie

*The Tragedie*

Vpon her heart, which he conceald, becaufe  
The standers by should not our loues descrie, 750  
This clift bewraies that it hath been disclosde.  
Perhaps herein she hath something inclosde.

*He breakes it.*

O thou great thunderer! who would not serue,  
Where wit with beautie chosen haue their place,  
Who could deuise more wisely to conferue  
Things from suspect? O *Venus*, for this grace  
That daines me, all vnworthy, to deserue  
So rare a loue, in heauen I should thee place. •  
This sweet letter some ioyfull newes conteines. 760  
I hope it brings recure to both our paines.

*He reades it.*

*Mine owne, as I am yours, whose heart (I know)  
No lesse then mine, for lingering help of woe  
Doth long too long: Loue tendering your case  
And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.  
My chamber floure doth hide a caue, where was  
An olde vautes mouth: the other in the plaine  
Doeth rise Southward, a furlong from the wall,  
Descend you there. This shall suffice. And so 770  
I yeeld my selfe, mine honor, life and all,  
To you. Use you the same as there may grow  
Your blisse and mine (mine Earle) and that the same  
Free may abide from danger of defame.  
Farewell, and fare so well as that your ioy  
Which onely can, may comfort mine annoy.*

*Yours more then his owne, Gismund.*

O blisful chance my sorowes to assuage.  
Wonder of nature, maruell of our age,  
Comes this from *Gismund*? did she thus infold 780  
This letter in the cane? may it be so?

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

It were too sweet a ioy, I am deceu'd.

Why shall I doubt, did she not giue it me?

Therewith she smilde, she ioyde, she raught the cane

And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me:

And as we danst, she dallied with the cane,

And sweetly whispered I should be her king,

And with this cane the scepter of our rule,

Command the sweets of her surpris'd heart.

790 Therewith she raught from her alluring lockes,

This golden tresse, the fauour of her grace,

• And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me.

O peereles Queene, my ioy, my hearts decree;

And thou faire Letter, how shall I welcome thee:

Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wert,

Blest may ye be, such solace that impart,

And blessed be this cane, and he that taught

Thee to descric the hidden entrie thus:

Not onely through a darke and dreadfull vault,

800 But fire and sword, and through what euer be,

Mistres of my desires, I come to thee.

*Guiszard departeth in hast vnto the pallace.*

Chorus. 1.

Right mightie is thy power, O cruell Loue,

High Ioue himselfe cannot resist thy bow,

Thou sent'st him down, euen frō the heauens aboue,

In fundrie shapes here to the earth below,

Then how shall mortall men escape thy dart?

The feruent flame, and burning of thy fire?

810 Since that thy might is such, and since thou art,

Both of the seas and land the Lord and fire.

But why doth he that sprung from Ioues high head? Chor. 2.

And Phoebus sister shene, despise thy power?

*The Tragedie*

Ne feares thy bow? why haue they alwaies led  
A maiden life, and kept vntoucht the flowre?  
Why doth *Ægistus* loue? and to obtaine  
His wicked wil, conspires his vncles death,  
Or why doth Phædra burne? for whom is slaine  
Theseus chaste sonne? or Helen false of faith?

„ For Loue assaults not but the idle heart, 820  
„ And such as liue in pleasure and delight,  
„ He turne th oft their gladsome ioyes to smart,  
„ Their play to plaint, their sport into despite,  
Tis true that *Dian* chaseth with her bow,

Chor. 3. The flying Hart, the Goat and fomie Bore,  
By hil, by dale, in heat, in frost, in snow,  
She recketh not, but laboureth euermore.  
Loue seeks not her, ne knoweth where her to finde,  
Whil't *Paris* kept his heard on Ida downe  
Cupid nere fought him out, for he is blinde. 830  
But when he left the field to liue in towne,  
He fel into his snare, and brought that brand  
From Greece to Troy, which after set on fire  
Strong Ilium, and al the Phryges land.  
„ Such are the fruites of loue, such is his hire.

Chor. 4. Who yeeldeth vnto him his captiue heart,  
Ere he resist, and holds his open breast  
Withouten war to take his bloudy dart,  
Let him not thinke to shake off when him list  
His heauy yoke. „ Resist his first assault, 840  
„ Weake is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,  
„ Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt  
„ The minde that beares him, or his vertues bold.  
But he geues poyson so to drinke in golde.  
And hideth vnder pleasant baites his hooke,

But

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

But ye beware, it wil be hard to hold  
Your greedy minds, but if ye wisely looke  
What slie snake lurkes vnder those flowers gay,  
But ye mistrust some clowdie smokes, and feare  
350 A stormy shower after so faire a day.  
Ye may repent, and buy your pleasure deare,  
For seldome times is Cupid wont to send  
„ Vnto an idle loue a ioyful end.

*Finis Actus 3. G. Al.*

IV. i     *Before this Act Megæra riseth out of hell, with the o-  
ther Furies, Alecto and Tyssiphone, dauncing an  
hellish round: which done she saith.*

*Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.*

860 **S**ifters be gone, bequeath the rest to me,  
That yet belongs vnto this Tragædie.

*The two Furies depart down.*

Vengeance and death from foorth the deepest hell  
I bring the cursed house where *Gismund* dwels.  
Sent from the grislie god that holds his raigne  
In Tartars vglie Realm, where Pelops fire  
(Who with his own sonnes flesh whom he had slain  
Did feast the Gods) with famin hath his hire.  
To gape and catch at flying frutes iu vaine,  
And yeelding waters to his gasping throte,  
870 Where stormie Æoles sonne with endlesse paine  
Rowles vp the rock: where Titius hath his lot  
To feede the Gripe that gnawes his growing heart.  
Where proud Ixion wherled on the wheele,

Pursues

*The Tragedie*

Pursues himselfe : where due deserued smart  
The damned Ghosts in burning flame do feelee,  
From thence I mount : thither the winged God,  
Nephew to Atlas, that vpholds the skie,  
Of late downe from the earth, with golden rod,  
To Stigian Firrie, Salerne foules did guide,  
And made report, how Loue that lordly boy, 880  
Highly disdaining his renownes decay,  
Slipt downe from heauen, haue fild with fickle ioy,  
Gismunds heart, and made her throw awaie  
Chastnes of life, to her immortall shame,  
Minding to shew by prooffe of her foule end,  
Some terror vnto those that scorne his name.  
Blacke Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend  
In winning Ceres daughter Queene of hels)  
And Parthie moued by the grieued Ghost  
Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwels, 890  
Who praid due paines for her, that thus hath lost  
All care of him, and of her chastitie,  
The Senate then of hell by graue aduice  
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,  
Commands me draw this hatefull aire, and rise  
Aboue the earth, with dole and death to dant  
The pride and present ioyes, wherewith these two  
Feed their disdained hartes, which now to do  
Behold I come, with instruments of death.  
This stinging snake which is of hate and wrath, 900  
Ile fixe vpon her fathers heart full fast,  
And into hers, this other will I cast,  
Whose rankling venome shall infect them so  
With enuious wrath, and with recurelesse wo  
Each shall be others plague and ouerthrow.

„Furies



• of Tancred and Gismund.

„Furies must aide when men surcease to know  
 „Their gods: and hel sends foorth reuenging paine  
 908 , On those whom shame from sin cannot restraine.

IV. „ Megæra entreteth into the pallace, and meeteth with  
 Tancred comming out of Gismunds chamber  
 with Renuchio and Iulia, vpon whom she thro-  
 weth her Snake.

Scæna. 2.

• Tan. **G**ods are ye guyds of iustice and reuenge ⁊  
 O thou great Thunderer, doest thou be-  
 holde

With watchful eyes the subtile scapes of men  
 Hardned in shame, fear'd vp in the desire  
 Of their owne lustes: why then dost thou withhold  
 920 The blast of thy reuenge ⁊ why doest thou graunt  
 Such luely breath, such lewd occasion  
 To execute their shamelesse villanie ⁊  
 Thou, thou art cause of al this open wrong,  
 Thou that forbear'st thy vengeance all too long,  
 If thou spare them raine then vpon my head  
 The fulnesse of thy plagues with deadly ire,  
 To reauē this ruthfull soule, who all too fore  
 Burnes in the wrathfull torments of reuenge.  
 O earth the mother of each liuing wight,  
 930 Open thy wombe, deuour this withered corps,  
 And thou O hel, (if other hel there be  
 Then that I feele) receiue my soule to thee.  
 O daughter, daughter, wherefore do I grace  
 Her with so kind a name? O thou fond girle,  
 The shamefull ruine of thy fathers house,

E

Is

*The Tragedie*

Is this my hoped ioy? is this the stay  
Must glad my grieffe-ful yeares that wast away?  
For life which first thou didst receiue from me,  
Ten thousand deaths shal I receiue by thee?  
For al the ioyes I did repose in thee, 940  
Which I (fond man) did settle in thy fight,  
Is this my recompence? that I must see  
The thing so shameful, and so villanous.  
That would to God this earth had swalowed  
This worthlesse burthen into lowest deepes,  
Rather then I (accursed) had beheld  
The fight that howerly massacars my life.  
O whether, whether flyest thou forth my soule?  
O whether wandreth my tormented mind?  
Those paines that make the miser glad of death 950  
Haue ceaz'd on me, and yet I cannot haue  
What villains may commaund, a speedie death.  
Whom shal I first accuse for this outrage?  
That God that guideth all, and guideth so  
This damned deede Shal I blaspheme their names?  
The gods the authors of this spectacle:  
Or shal I iustly curse that cruel starre  
Whose influence assigned this destinie?  
But nay, that traitor, shal that vile wretch liue  
By whom I haue receau'd this iniurie? 960  
Or shal I longer make account of her  
That fondly prostitutes her widowes shame?  
I haue bethought me what I shall request.

*He kneeles.*

On bended knees, with hands heau'd vp to he auen  
This (sacred senate of the Gods) I craue,  
First on the traytor your counfming ire:

Next

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Next, on the curfed strumpet dire reuenge :

Last, on my selfe, the wretched father, shame.

970

*He riseth.*

Oh could I stampe, and therewithall commaund  
Armies of Furies to assist my heart,  
To prosecute due vengeance on their foules  
Heare me my friends, but as ye loue your liues,  
Reple not to me, hearken and stand amaz'd,  
When I (as is my wont) oh fond delight,  
Went forth to seek my daughter, now my death,  
Within her chamber (as I thought) she was,  
But there I found her not, I demed then

980

For her disport she and her maidens were  
Downe to the garden walkt to comfort them,  
And thinking thus, it came into my mind  
There all alone to tarry her returne :  
And thereupon I (wearie) threw my selfe  
Vpon her widdowes bed (for so I thought)  
And in the curten wrapt my cursed head  
Thus as I lay anon I might beholde  
Out of the vault vp through her chamber floore  
My daughter *Gismund* bringing hand in hande

990

The Countie *Palurin*, alas it is too true,  
At her beds feete this traitor made me see  
Her shame, his treason, and my deadly griefe.  
Her Princelie body yeelded to this theefe.  
The high despite wherof so wounded me  
That traunce-like, as a fenceles stone I lay,  
For neither wit, nor tongue could vse the meane  
T'expresse the passions of my pained heart.  
Forcelesse, perforce, I sunke downe to this paine,  
As greedie famin doth constraîne the hauke,

*The Tragedie*

Peecemeale to rent and teare the yeelding prae : 1000  
So far'd it with me in that heauie ffound,  
But now what ſhal I doe? how may I feeke  
To eaſe my minde that burneth with deſire  
Of dire reuenge? For neuer ſhal my thoughts  
Graunt eaſe vnto my heart, til I haue found  
A meane of vengeance to requite his paines,  
That firſt conueyd this fight vnto my foule  
*Tan.* Renuchio.

*Renu.* What is your Highnes will?

*Tan.* Call my daughter : my heart boyles till I ſee 1010  
Her in my fight, to whom I may diſcharge  
All the vnreſt that thus diſtempereth me.  
Should I deſtroy them both? O gods ye know  
How neere and deere our daughter is to vs.  
And yet my rage perſwades me to imbrue  
My thirſtie hands in both their trembling bloods,  
Therewith to coole my wrathful furies heate.  
But Nature, why repin'ſt thou at this thought?  
Why ſhould I thinke vpon a fathers debt  
To her that thought not on a daughters due? 1020  
But ſtil me thinks if I ſhould ſee her die,  
And therewithall reflexe her dying eyes  
Vpon mine eyes, that fight would ſlit my heart.  
Not much vnlike the Cocatrice, that ſlaies  
The obiect of his foule infections.  
Oh what a conflict doth my mind endure?  
Now fight my thoughts againſt my paſſions :  
Now ſtrive my paſſions againſt my thoughts.  
Now ſweates my heart, now chil cold falles it dead.  
Helpe heauens, and ſuccour ye Celeſtiall powers, 1030  
Infuſe your ſecrete vertue on my foule.

ſhall

•  
*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Shall nature winne ⁊ shall iustice not preuaile ⁊  
Shall I (a king) be proued partiaall ⁊  
„ How shall our Subiects then insult on vs,  
„ When our examples (that are light to them)  
„ Shalbe eclipsed with our proper deedes ⁊  
And may the armes be rented from the tree ⁊  
The members from the body be disseuer'd ⁊  
And can the heart endure no violence ⁊

1040 My daughter is to me mine onlie heart,  
My life, my comfort, my continuance,  
• Shall I be then not only so vnkinde  
To passe all natures strength, and cut her off.  
But therewithall so cruell to my selfe,  
Against all law of kinde to shred in twaine  
The golden threed that doth vs both maintaine.  
But were it that my rage should so commaund,  
And I consent to her vntimelie death,  
Were this an end to all our miseries ⁊

1050 No, no, her ghost wil still pursue our life.  
And from the deep her bloodles gastfull spirit  
Wil as my shadow in the shining day,  
Follow my footsteps till she take reuenge.  
I will doe thus therefore: the traitor dies,  
Because he scornd the fauor of his king,  
And our displeasure wilfullie incurde:  
His slaughter, with her sorow for his bloud,  
Shall to our rage supplie delightfull foode.  
Iulio.

1060 *Iul.* What ist your Maiestie commaunds ⁊  
*Tan.* Iulio, if we haue not our hope in vaine,  
Nor all the trust we doe repose in thee:  
Now must we trie if thou approue the same.

*The Tragedie*

Herein thy force and wifdome we muſt ſee,  
For our commaund requires them both of thee.

*Iul.* How by your Graces bounty I am bound,  
Beyond the common bond wherein each man  
Stands bound vnto his king, how I haue found  
Honor and wealth by fauor in your fight,  
I doe acknowledge with moſt thankfull minde. 1070

My trueth (with other meanes to ſerue your Grace,  
What euer you in honor ſhall affigne)

Hath ſworne her power true vaſſall to your heſt,  
For prooffe let but your Maieſtie commaund

I ſhall vnlock the priſon of my ſoule,  
(Although vnkindlie horror would gaine-fay)

Yet in obedience to your Highnes will,  
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,

This hand and blade wil be the inſtruments,  
To make pale death to grapple with my heart. 1080

*Tan.* Wel, to be ſhort (for I am greeu'd too long  
By wrath without reuenge) I thinke you know  
Whilom a Pallace builded ſtrong

For warre, within our Court, where dreadleſſe peace  
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.

But of that pallace yet one vault remaines,  
Within our Court, the ſecret way whereof

Is to our daughter *Giſmunds* chamber laide:

There is alſo another mouth hereof,

Without our wall: which now is ouergrown, 1090  
But you may finde it out, for yet it lies

Directly South a furlong from our place:

It may be knowne, hard by an auncient ſtoope,

Where grew an Oke in elder daies decaide,

There wil we that you watch, there ſhall you ſee

A vil-

of Tancred and Gismund

A villain traitor mount out of a vault :  
Bring him to vs, it is th' Earle *Palurin*,  
What is his fault neither shal you enquire,  
Nor list we to disclose, these cursed eyes  
1100 Haue seene the flame, this heart hath felt the fire  
That cannot els be quencht but with his bloud.  
This must be done : this will we haue you do.  
*Iul.* Both this, and els what euer you thinke good.  
*Iulio departeth into the Pallace.*

*IV. m* Renugio bringeth Gismund out of her chamber, to  
whom Tancred saith.

Scæna 3.

**R**enugio depart, leaue vs alone.  
*Exit Renugio.*  
1110 Gismund, if either I could cast aside  
All care of thee : or if thou wouldst haue had  
Some care of me, it would not now betide  
That either thorow thy fault my ioy should fade,  
Or by thy folly I should beare the paine  
Thou hast procur'd : but now tis neither I  
Can shun the grieve : whom thou hast more thẽ slain  
Nor maist thou heale, or ease the grievous wound,  
Which thou hast geuen me. That vnstained life  
Wherein I ioy'd, and thought it thy delight,  
1120 Why hast thou lost it ? Can it be restor'd ?  
Where is thy widdowhood, there is thy shame.  
Gismund, it is no mans, nor mens report,  
That haue by likely proofes enformd me thus.  
Thou knowest how hardly I could be induc'd

To  
.

*The Tragedie*

To vex my felfe, and be difpleafde with thee,  
With flying tales of flattering Sicophants.  
No, no, there was in vs fuch fetled truft  
Of thy chafte life, and vncorrupted minde:  
That if thefe eyes had not beheld thy shame,  
In vaine ten thoufand cenfures could haue tolde, 1130  
That thou didft once vnprincelike make agree  
With that vile traitor Countie *Palurin*.  
Without regard had to thy felfe or me,  
Vnhamenfully to ftaine thy ftate and mine.  
But I vnhappyeft haue beheld the fame,  
And feeing it, yet feele th'exceding grieve  
That flaies my heart with horror of that thought.  
Which grieve commandes me to obey my rage,  
And Iuftice vrgeth fome extreame reuenge,  
To wreake the wrongs that haue been offred vs. 1140  
But Nature that hath lockt within thy brest  
Two liues: the fame inclineth me to fpare  
Thy bloud, and fo to keep mine owne vnfpilt.  
This is that ouerweening-loue I beare  
To thee vnduetifull, and vnderferued.  
But for that traitor, he fhall furelie die,  
For neither right nor nature doth intreat  
For him, that wilfully without all awe  
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,  
Incurde the iuft difpleafure of his king. 1150  
And to be briefe, I am content to know  
What for thy felfe thou canft obiect to vs,  
Why thou fhouldft not together with him die,  
So to affwage the griefes that ouerthrow  
Thy fathers heart.  
*Gif*. O king, and father, humbly geue her leaue

To



*of Tancred and Gismund.*

To plead for grace, that stands in your disgrace.  
Not that she reckes this life : for I confesse  
I haue deseru'd, when so it pleaseth you,  
1160 To die the death. Mine honor and my name  
(As you suppose) distained with reproach,  
And wel contented shall I meet the stroke  
That must disseuer this detested head  
Frō these lewd lummies. But this I wish were known  
That now I liue not for my selfe alone.  
For when I saw that neither my request,  
• Nor the intreatie of my carefull Aunt,  
Could winne your Highnes pleasure to our will :  
„ Then Loue, heate of the heart, life of the soule,  
1170 „ Fed by desire, increasing by restraint,  
Would not endure controlment any more :  
But violently enforst my feebled heart.  
(For who am I alas, still to resist  
Such endlesse conflicts) To relent and yeelde  
Therewith I chose him for my Lord and pheare.  
Guiscard mine Earle that holds my loue full deare,  
Then if it be so setled in your mind,  
He shall not liue because he dar'd to loue  
Your daughter. Thus I geue your Grace to know  
1180 Within his heart there is inclosde my life.  
Therefore O father, if that name may be  
Sweet to your eares, and that we may preuaile  
By name of father, that you fauour vs.  
But otherwise, if now we cannot finde  
That which our falsed hope did promise vs.  
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts  
Of these suspitions : since neither in this case  
His good deserts in seruice to your Grace,

F

Which

*The Tragedie*

Which alwaies haue bin iust, nor in desires  
May mittigate the cruel rage of griefe. 1190

That frames your heart, but that mine Earl must die  
Then all in vaine you aske what I can say  
Why I should liue, sufficeth for my part  
To say I wil not liue, and so resolute.

*Tan.* Dar'st thou so desperat decree thy death?

*Gif.* A dreadles heart delites in such decrees.

*Tan.* Thy kind abhorreth such vnkindly thoughts.

*Gif.* Vnkindly thoughts they are to them that liue  
In kindly loue. *Tan.* As I doe vnto thee. 1200

*Gif.* To take his life who is my loue to me.

*Tan.* Haue I then lost thy loue? *Gif.* If he shal lose  
His life, that is my loue. *Tan.* Thy loue. Be gone.

Returne vnto thy chamber. *Gif.* I wil goe.

*Gismund departeth to her chamber.*

*Iulio with his gard bringeth in the County Pal. prisoner IV. vv*  
*Scæna. 4.*

*Iu.* IF it please your highnes hither haue we broght  
This captiue Earl as you commanded vs.

Whō (as we wer fortold) euen there we found  
Where by your maiesty we were inioid  
To watch for him. What more your highnes willes, 1210  
This heart and hand shal execute your heft.

*Tan.* Iulio we thank your paines. Ah Palurin,  
Haue we deserued in such traiterous sort  
Thou shouldst abuse our kingly courtesies,  
Which we too long in fauor haue bestowed  
Vpon thy false-dissembling hart with vs.  
What grief thou therewithal hast throwen on vs

What

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

What shame vpon our house, what dire distresse,  
1220 Our soul endures, cannot be vttered.  
And durst thou villen dare to vndermine  
Our daughters chamber, durst thy shameles face  
Be bolde to kisse her: th'rest we wil conceale.  
Sufficeth that thou knowest I too wel know  
All thy proceedings in thy priuat shames.  
Herin what hast thou wonne? thine own content,  
With the displeasure of thy Lord and king.  
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind  
The least remorse of loue and loyaltie  
1230 Might haue restraind thee from so foule a fact.  
But Palurin, what may I deem of thee,  
Whom neither feare of gods, nor loue of him  
(Whose Princely fauor hath been thine vpreare)  
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd desires.  
Wherefore content thee that we are resolu'd  
(And therefore laid to snare thee with this bayt)  
That thy iust death, with thine effused blood,  
Shal coole the heate and choler of our mood.  
*Guiz.* My Lord the king, neither do I mislike  
1240 Your sentence, nor do your smoking fighes  
Reacht from the entrals of your boiling heart,  
Disturbe the quiet of my calmed thoughts:  
For this I feele, and by experience proue,  
Such is the force and endlesse might of loue,  
As neuer shal the dread of carren death  
That hath enuide our ioyes, inuade my brest,  
For if it may be found a fault in me  
(That euermore haue lou'd your Maiestie)  
Likewise to honor and to loue your child,  
1250 If loue vnto you both may be a fault,

*The Tragedie*

But vnto her my loue exceedes compare,  
Then this hath been my fault, for which I ioy  
That in the greateſt luſt of all my life,  
I ſhall ſubmitte for her ſake to endure  
The pangues of death. Oh mighty Lord of loue  
Strengthen thy vaſſall, boldlie to receaue  
Large wounds into this body for her ſake.  
Then vſe my life or death, my Lord and king,  
For your reliefe to eaſe your griued ſoule :  
For whether I liue, or els that I muſt die, 1260  
To end your paines I am content to beare :  
Knowing by death I ſhall bewray the trueth  
Of that ſound heart which liuing was her owne,  
And died aliuie for her that liued mine,  
*Tan.* Thine *Palurin*, what, liues my daughter thine?  
Traitor thou wrongſt me, for ſhe liueth mine.  
Rather I wiſh ten thouſand ſundrie deaths,  
Then I to liue and ſee my daughter thine.  
Thine, that is dearer then my life to me?  
Thine, whom I hope to ſee an Empreſſe? 1270  
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my fight?  
Thine, vnto whom we haue bequeath'd our crown?  
Iulio, we wil that thou informe from vs  
Renuchio the Capten of our Gard,  
That we commaund this traitor be conueyd  
Into the dungeon vnderneath our Tower,  
There let him reſt vntil he be reſolu'd  
What further we intend, which to vnderſtand,  
We will *Renuchio* repaire to vs.  
*Iul.* O that I might your Maieſtie entreate 1280  
With clemencie to beautifie your ſeate,  
Toward this Prince diſtreſt by his deſires,

Too

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Too many, all too strong to captiuate

*Tan.* „ This is the foundest safetie for a king

„ To cut them off that vex or hinder him.

*Iul.* „ This haue I found the safetie of a king,

„ To spare the Subiects that do honor him.

*Tan.* Haue we been honourd by this leachers lust?

*Iul.* No, but by this deuout submission.

1290 *Tan.* Our fortune saies we must do what we may.

*Iul.* „ This is praise-worth, not to do what you may.

*Tan.* And may the Subiect countermaund the king?

*Iul.* No, but intreat him. *Tan* What he shal decree.

*Iul.* What wisdom shall discern. *Iul.* Nay what our  
Shal best determine. We wil not reple. (word

Thou knowest our mind, our heart cannot be easd,  
But with the slaughter of this *Palurin*.

*The king hasteth into his Pallace.*

*Guis.* O thou great God, who from thy hiest throne

1300 Hast stooped down, and felt the force of loue,

Bend gentle eares vnto the wofull mone,

Of me poore wretch, to graunt that I require:

Help to perswade the same great God, that he

So farre remit his might, and slack his fire

From my deare Ladies kindled heart, that she

May heare my death without her hurt, Let not

Her face, wherein there is as cleere a light

As in the rising moone: let not her cheekes

As red as is the partie-coloured rose.

1310 Be paled with the newes hereof: and so

I yeeld my selfe, my fillie soul, and all,

To him, for her, for whom my death shall shew

I liu'd, and as I liu'd, I dide her thrall.

Graunt this thou Thunderer: this shal suffice,

*The Tragedie*

My breath to vanish in the liquid skies.

*Guizard is led to prison.*

Chorus primus.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris loue,  
Nor vnderstand the end of Helens ioy,  
He may behold the fatall ouerthrow  
Of Priams house, and of the towne of Troy. 1320  
His death at last, and her eternal shame,  
For whom so many noble knights were flaine.  
So many a Duke, so many a Prince of fame  
Bereft his life, and left there in the plaine.  
Medeas armed hand, Elizas sword,  
Wretched Leander drenched in the flood.  
Phillis so long that waited for her Lord  
All these too dearly bought their loues with blood.

*Cho. 2.* But he in vertue that his Lady serues 1330  
Ne wils but what vnto her Honor longs,  
He neuer from the rule of reason swarues,  
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs  
Of blind Cupid: he lues not in despaire  
As done his seruants: neither spends his daies  
In ioy, and care, vaine hope, and throbbing feare.  
But seekes alway what may his soueraine please  
In honor: he that thus serues, reapes the fruite  
Of his sweet seruice: and no ielous dread  
Nor bafe suspect of ought to let his fute 1340  
(Which causeth oft the louers hart to bleed)  
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his brest:  
He wayleth not by day, nor wakes by night,  
When euery other liuing thing doth rest.  
Nor findes his life or death within her fight.

*Cho. 3.* Remember thou in vertue serue therfore

Thy

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Thy chaste Lady : beware thou do not loue  
As whilom Venus did the faire Adonne,  
But as Diana lou'd the Amazons sonne.  
1350 Through whose request the gods to him alone  
Restorde new life : the twine that was vndone  
Was by the sisters twisted vp againe.  
The loue of vertue in thy Ladies lookes,  
The loue of vertue in her learned talke,  
This loue yeelds matter for eternall bookes.  
This loue intiseth him abroad to walke,  
There to inuent and write new rondelaies  
Of learned conceit, her fancies to allure  
To vaine delights, such humors he allayes,  
1360 And sings of vertue and her garments pure.  
*Cho. 4.* Desire not of thy Soueraigne the thing  
Whereof shame may ensue by any meane.  
Nor wish thou ought that may dishonor bring.  
So whilom did the learned Tuscan serue  
His faire Lady : and glory was their end.  
Such are the praises Louers done deserue,  
Whose seruice doth to vertue and honor tend.

*Finis Actus 4. Composuit Ch. Hat.*

*v. i Renuchio commeth out of the Pallace.*

*Actus 5. Scæna 1.*

1371 *Renu.* **O**H cruel fate, oh miserable chaunce  
Oh dire aspect of hateful destinies,  
Oh wo may not be told : suffice'd it not  
That I should see and with these eyes behold  
So foule, so bloody, and so base a deede :

But

*The Tragedie*

But more to aggrauate the heauie cares  
Of my perplexed mind, must onelie I  
Must I alone be made the messenger,  
That must deliuer to her Princelie eares  
Such dismall newes<sup>2</sup> as when I shal disclose 1380  
I know it cannot but abridge her daies.  
As when the thunder and three forked fire  
Rent through the cloudes by Ioues almighty power  
Breakes vp the bosom of our mother earth,  
And burnes her heart before the heat be felt.  
In this distresse whom should I most bewaile,  
My woe, that must be made the messenger  
Of these vnworthie and vnwelcome newes<sup>2</sup>  
Or shall I mone thy death, O noble Earle<sup>2</sup>  
Or shal I still lament the heauie hap 1390  
That yet, O Queene, attends thy funeral. (I see<sup>2</sup>  
*Cho. 1.* What mones be these? *Renuchio* is this Salerne  
Doth here king *Tancred* hold the awful crown<sup>2</sup>  
Is this the place where ciuill people be<sup>2</sup>  
Or do the sauage Scythians here abound<sup>2</sup>  
*Cho. 2.* What mean these questiōs<sup>2</sup> whether tend thes  
Resolue vs maidens, & release our fears. (words<sup>2</sup>  
What euer newes thou bring'st, discover them,  
Deteine vs not in this suspitious dread,  
„The thought whereof is greater then the woe. 1400  
*Renu.* O whither may I cast my lookes<sup>2</sup> to heauen<sup>2</sup>  
Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down reuenge  
The earth shal I behold<sup>2</sup> stainde with the gore  
Of his heart bloud that dide most innocent.  
Which way so ere I turn mine eyes, me thinks  
His butchered corps stands staring in my face.  
*Cho. 3.* We humbly pray thee to forbear these words  
So



*of Tancred and Gismund.*

So full of terror to our mayden hearts :

„ The dread of things vnknown breeds the suspect

1410 „ Of greater dread, vntill the worst be knownen.

Tel therefore what hath chaunst, and whereunto  
This bloody cup thou holdest in thy hand.

*Renu.* Since so is your request that I shal doe,  
Although my mind so sorrowful a thing  
Repines to tell, and though my voice eschewes  
To say what I haue seene : yet since your will  
So fixed stands to heare for what I rue,  
Your great desires I shall herein fulfill.

First by Salerne Citie, amids the plaine,

1420 There stands a hil, whose bottom huge and round,  
Throwen out in breadth, a large space doth contain  
And gathering vp in height small from the grounde  
Stil lesse and lesse it mounts : there sometime was  
A goodly towre vpreard, that flowrde in fame  
While fate and fortune seru'd, but time doth passe,  
And with his sway suppresseth all the same :  
For now the walles be euened with the plaine.  
And all the rest so fowly lies defast :

As but the only shade doth there remaine

1430 Of that which there was built in time forepast :  
And yet that shewes what worthy work tofore  
Hath there been reard : one parcel of that towre  
Yet stands, which eating time could not deuoure :  
A strong turret compact of stone and rock :  
Hugie without, but horrible within :  
To passe to which by force of handy stroke  
A crooked straite is made, that enters in  
And leades into this vgly loathsome place.  
Within the which carued into the ground

G

A deep

*The Tragedie*

A deep dungeon there runnes of narrow space  
Dreadful and darke, where neuer light is found : 1440  
Into this hollow caue, by cruel heft  
Of king *Tancred*, were diuers seruants sent  
To worke the horror of his furious brest,  
Earst nourisht in his rage, and now sterne bent,  
To haue the same performde: I woful man  
Amongst the rest, was one to do the thing  
That to our charge so straitly did belong,  
In sort as was commanded by the king.  
Within which dreadful prison when we came, 1450  
The noble Countie *Palurin* that there  
Lay chain'd in giues, fast fettered in his bolts,  
Out of the darke dungeon we did vpreare  
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,  
That gaue vs light to worke our tyrannie.  
But when I once beheld his manly face,  
And saw his cheare, no more appauld with feare,  
Of present death, then he whom neuer dread  
Did once amate: my heart abhorred then  
To geue consent vnto so foul a deede, 1460  
That wretched death should reauē so worthy a man  
On false fortune I cride with lowd complaint,  
That in such sort ouerwhelmes nobilitie.  
But he whom neuer grieve ne feare could taint,  
With smiling cheare himselfe oft willeth me,  
To leaue to plaine his case, or sorrow make,  
For him, for he was far more glad apaide  
Death to imbrace thus for his Ladies sake,  
Then life, or all the ioyes of life he said.  
For losse of life (quoth he) greeues me no more, 1470  
Then losse of that which I esteemed least,

My

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

My Ladies grieve, least she should rue therefore,  
Is all the cause of grieve within my brest.  
He praid therfore that we would make report  
To her of those his last words he would say :  
That though he neuer could in any fort  
Her gentlenes requite, nor neuer lay  
Within his power to serue her as he would,  
Yet she posselt his heart with hand and might,  
1480 To doe her all the honor that he could.  
This was to him of all the ioyes that might  
Reuiue his heart, the chieftest ioy of al,  
That, to declare the faithfull heart which he  
Did beare to her, fortune so wel did fall,  
That in her loue he should both liue and die.  
After these words he staid, and spake no more,  
But ioyfully beholding vs eachone,  
His words and cheare amazed vs so fore  
That stil we stooode : when forthwith thereupon  
1490 But why slack you (quoth he) to do the thing  
For which you come? make speed and stay no more  
Performe your masters will : now tel the king  
He hath his life for which he long'd so fore :  
And with those words himselfe with his own hand  
Fastned the bands about his neck. The rest  
Wondring at his stout heart, astonied stand  
To see him offer thus himselfe to death.  
What stony brest, or what hard heart of flint  
Would not relent to see this dreery fight?  
1500 So goodly a man, whom death nor fortunes dint  
Could once disarme, mured with such despite.  
And in such sort bereft amidst the flowers  
Of his fresh yeares, that ruthfull was to seene :

*The Tragedie*

„For violent is death, when he deuoures  
„Yong men, or virgins, while their yeares be green.  
Lo now our seruants seeing him take the bands  
And on his neck himfelfe to make them fast:  
Without delay fet to their cruel hands,  
And fought to worke their fierce intent with haft,  
They stretch the bloody bands, and when the breth 1510  
Began to faile his brest, they slackt againe.  
Thrise did they pull, and thrise they lofed him,  
So did their hands repine againft their hearts:  
And oft times lofed to his greater paine.  
„But date of death that fixed is fo fast,  
„Beyond his courfe there may no wight extend,  
For ftrangled is this noble Earle at laft,  
Bereft of life, vnworthy fuch an end.

*Chor.* O dāned deed. *Ren.* What deem you this to be  
Al the fayd newes that I haue to vnfold? 1520  
Is here (think you) end of the crueltie

That I haue feen? *Chor.* Could any heauier woe  
Be wrought to him, then to destroy him fo?

*Ren.* What, think you this outrage did end fo well?  
The horror of the fact, the greateft grieve,  
The maffaker, the terror is to tell.

*Cho.* Alack what could be more? they threw percase  
The dead body to be deuourd and torne  
Of the wild beafts.

*Renu.* Would God it had been caft a favage praie 1530  
To beafts and birds: but lo, that dreadfull thing  
Which euen the tyger would not work, but to  
Suffice his hunger: that hath the tyrant king  
Withouten ruth commaunded vs to doe,  
Onely to please his wrathfull heart withal.

Happy

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Happy had been his chance, too happy alas,  
If birdes, or beaſts had eaten vp his corps,  
Yea heart and all: within this cup I bring,  
And am conſtrained now vnto the face  
1540 Of his deare Ladie to preſent the ſame.  
*Chor.* What kind of crueltie is this you name?  
Declare foorthwith, and wherunto doth tend  
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,  
Forced perforce thus from his panting breſt  
Straight they diſpoiled him, and not alone  
Contented with his death, on the dead corps  
Which rauinous beaſts forbear to lacerate,  
Euen vpon this our villens freſh begunne  
To ſhew new crueltie: foorthwith they pearce  
1550 His naked bellie, and vnript it fo,  
That out the bowels guliſt: who can rehearſe  
Their tyrannie, wherwith my heart yet bleedes.  
The warme entralles were torne out of his breſt.  
Within their hands trembling not fully dead,  
His veines ſmok'd, his bowels all to reeked  
Ruthleſſe were rent, and throwen about the place:  
All clotted lay the bloud in lumps of gore,  
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face,  
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,  
1560 And cruelly vpon a rapier  
They fixt the ſame, and in this hateful wiſe  
Vnto the king this heart they do preſent:  
A fight longd for to feede his irefull eies.  
The king perceiuing each thing to be wrought  
As he had wilde, reioyſing to behold  
Vpon the bloudie ſword the pearced heart,  
He calles then for this maſſie cup of gold,

*The Tragedie*

Into the which the wofull heart he cast,  
And reaching me the same, now go, quoth he,  
Vnto my daughter, and with speedy hast 1570  
Present her this, and say to her from me,  
Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent  
That thing to ioy and comfort thee withal,  
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wert content  
To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.

*Cho.* O hateful fact! O passing crueltie!  
O murder wrought with too much hard despit'e  
O hainous deede, which no posteritie  
Wil once beleue! *Ren.* Thus was Earle *Palurin*  
Strangled vnto the death, yea after death 1580  
His heart and bloud disboweled from his brest:  
But what auaieth plaint? it is but breath  
Forewasted all in vaine: why do I rest  
Here in this place? why goe I not and doe  
The hatefull message to my charge committed?  
Oh were it not that I am forc'd thereto,  
By a kings will, here would I stay my feet,  
Ne one whit farder wade in this intent:  
But I must yeeld me to my Princes heft,  
Yet doth this somewhat comfort mine vnrest, 1590  
I am resolu'd her grieve not to behold,  
But get me gone my message being told. (comes  
Where is the Princeesse chamber? *Cho.* Lo where she

*Gismund commeth out of her chamber, to whom Ren-  
nuchio deliuereth his cup, saying.*

*Scæna 2.*

THy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent  
The thing to ioy and comfort thee withall  
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wast content  
To

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

1600 To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.  
Gif. I thanke my father, and thee gentlesquire,  
For this thy trauell take thou for thy paines  
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

*Renuchio departeth.*

So now is come the long expected houre,  
The fatall hower I haue so looked for,  
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst  
With guiltlesse blood which he so coueted.  
What brings this cup? (ay me) I thought no lesse,  
1610 It is mine Earles, my Counties pearced heart,  
Deare heart, too dearely hast thou bought my loue :  
Extreamely rated at too high a price.  
Ah my sweet heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,  
But in thy death thou prouest passing sweet.  
A fitter hearce then this of beaten gold,  
Could not be lotted to so good an heart :  
My father therefore well prouided thus  
To close and wrap thee vp in massie gold,  
And therewithall to send thee vnto me,  
1620 To whom of duety thou doest best belong.  
My father hath in all his life bewraide  
A princely care and tender loue to me :  
But this surpasseth, in his later dayes  
To send me this, mine owne deare heart to me.  
Wert thou not mine, dear hart, whil'st that my loue  
Daunced and plaid vpon thy golden strings?  
Art thou not mine (deere heart) now that my loue  
Is fled to heauen, and got him golden wings?  
Thou art mine owne, and stil mine own shalt be  
1630 Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.  
Ah pleasant harborough of my hearts thought!

Ah

*The Tragedie*

Ah fweete delight, the quickner of my soule  
Seuen times accursed be the hand that wrought  
Thee this despyght, to mangle thee so foule :  
Yet in this wound I see mine owne true loue,  
And in this wound thy magnanimitie,  
And in this wound I see thy constancie.  
Goe gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tombe,  
Receau this token at thy last farewell :

*She kisseth it.*

1640

Thine owne true heart anon will follow thee,  
Which panting hasteth for thy companie.  
Thus hast thou run (poore heart) thy mortall race,  
And rid thy life from fickle fortunes snares,  
Thus hast thou lost this world, and worldly cares,  
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,  
Receau'd a golden graue, to thy desert,  
Nothing doth want to thy iust funerall,  
But my salt teares to wash thy bloody wound.  
Which to the end thou mightst receau, behold  
My father sends thee in this cup of gold,  
And thou shalt haue them, though I was resolu'd  
To shed no teares, but with a chearefull face  
Once did I think to wet thy funerall  
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.  
This done, foorthwith my soule shal fly to thee,  
For therfore did my father send thee me.  
Ah my pure heart, with sweeter companie,  
Or more content, how safer may I proue  
To passe to places all vnknownen with thee.  
Why die I not therfore ? why doe I stay ?  
Why doe I not this wofull life forgoe,  
And with these hands enforce this breath away ?

1650

1660

What



*of Tancred and Gismund.*

What meanes this gorgeous glittering head attir  
How ill befeeme theſe billaments of gold  
Thy mournfull widdowhood > away with them,  
So let thy treſſes flaring in the winde  
Vntrimmed hang about thy bared necke:  
Now helliſh furies ſet my heart on fire,  
1670 Bolden my courage, ſtrengthen ye my hands  
Againſt their kind, to do a kindly deed:  
But ſhall I then vnwreake downe deſcend >  
Shall I not worke ſome iuſt reuenge on him  
• That thus hath ſlain my loue > ſhall not theſe hands  
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climbe  
Vp to the pinnacles, with burning brands,  
And on his cynders wreake my cruell teene.  
Be ſtill (fond girle) content thee firſt to die,  
This venomd water ſhall abridge thy life,  
1680 This for the ſame intent provided I,  
Which can both eaſe and end this raging ſtriſe.  
Thy father by thy death ſhall haue more woe,  
Then fire or flames within his gates can bring.  
Content thee then in patience hence to go,  
Thy death his bloud ſhall wreake vpon the king  
Now not alone (a griefe to die alone)  
„The onely myrror of extreame anoy,  
But not alone, thou dieſt my loue, for I  
Will be copartner of thy deſtynie.  
1690 Be merrie then my ſoule, canſt thou reſuſe  
To die with him, that death for thee did chooſe?  
*Chor 1.* What damned furie hath poſſeſt our Queen  
Why ſit we ſtill beholding her diſtreſſe >  
Madame forbear, ſuppreſſe this headſtrong rage.  
*Gif.* Maidens forbear your comfortable wordes.

*She vn-  
dieſſeth  
her haire*

*She taketh  
a vroll of  
poyſon out  
of her poc-  
ket.*

*The Tragedie*

*Cho.* 2. O worthy Queene, rashnes doth ouerthrowe  
The author of his resolution.

*Gif.* Where hope of help is lost what booteth feare?

*Cho.* 3. Feare wil auoyd the sting of infamie.

*Gif.* May good or bad reports delight the dead? 1700

*Cho.* 4. If of the liuing yet the dead haue care.

*Gif.* An easie griefe by counsel may be cur'd.

*Cho.* 1. But hedstrong mischiefs princes should auoid

*Gif.* In headlong griefes and cases desperate?

*Cho.* 2. Cal to your mind (*Gif.*) you are the Queene.

*Gif.* Vnhappy widow, wife, and paramour. (king)

*Cho.* 3. Think on the king. *Gif.* The king? the tyrant

*Cho.* 3. Your father. *Gif.* Yea, the murthrer of my loue

*Ch.* 4. His force. *Gif.* the dead fear not the force of me

*Ch.* 1. His care & griefe. *Gif.* That neither car'd for me 1710

Nor greeued at the murther of my loue,

My mind is setled, you with these vain words,

Withhold me but too long from my desire.

Depart ye to my chamber. *Cho.* We wil hast

To tel the king hereof.

*Chorus depart into*

*Gif.* I will preuent

*the Pallace.*

Both you and him. Lo here, this harty draught

The last that in this world I meane to tast,

Dreadlesse of death (mine Earle) I drink to thee.

So now worke on, now doth my soul begin 1720

To hate this light, wherein there is no loue,

No loue of parents to their children,

No loue of Princes to their Subiects true,

No loue of Ladies to their dearest loues.

Now passe I to the pleasant land of loue,

Where heauenly loue immortall flourisheth :

The Gods abhorre the company of men,

Hel is on earth, yea hel it selfe is heauen

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Compar'd with earth. I cal to witnes heauen,  
1730 Heauen, said I<sup>d</sup> no, but hel record I call,  
And thou sterne Goddesse of reuenging wrongs  
Witnesse with me I die for his pure loue  
That liued mine.

*Shée lieth*

*v. iii Tancred in hast commeth out of his pallace with Iulio. down and*

*Scæna 3,*

*couereth*

*Tan.* **W** Here is my daughter<sup>d</sup>

*her face*

*Iulio.* Behold, here, wofull king.

*with her*

*Tan.* A1 me, break hart, & thou fly foorth *haire.*

What, doth my daughter *Gif.* take it so<sup>d</sup> (my soul

1740 What hast thou done<sup>d</sup> oh let me see thine eyes,

Oh let me dresse vp those vntrimmed locks,

Looke vp, sweet child, look vp mine only ioy,

Tis I thy father that beseecheth thee:

Reare vp thy body, straine thy dying voice

To speake to him, sweet *Gismund* speake to me.

*Gif.* Who staies my soul<sup>d</sup> who thus disquiets me?

*Tan.* Tis I thy father, ah behold my teares

Like pearled dew that trickle down my cheekes,

To wash my filuer haire. *Gif.* Oh father king

1750 Forbeare your teares, your plaint wil not auaille.

*Tan.* Oh my sweet heart, hast thou receau'd thy life

From me, and wilt thou to requite the same,

Yeeld me my death<sup>d</sup> yea death and greater greefe

To see thee die for him that did defame

Thine honor thus, my kingdome, and thy name.

*Gif.* Yea therfore father gaue ye life to me,

That I should die, and now my date is done.

As for your kingdome, and mine own renowne,

Which you affirme dishonoured to be

1760 That fault impute it where it is, for he

*The Tragedie*

That flew mine Earle, and sent his heart to me,  
His hands haue brought this shame and griefe on vs  
But father, yet if anie sparke remaine  
Of your deare loue, if euer yet I could  
So much deferue, or at your hands desire,  
Grant that I may obtaine this last request,

*Tanc.* Saie louely child, saie on, what ere it be,  
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.

*Gif.* My life I craue not, for it is not now  
In you to giue, nor in my selfe to saue,  
Nor craue I mercie for mine Earle and me,  
Who hath bin slaine with too much crueltie.

1770

With patience I must awhile abide  
Within this life, which now will not be long.

But this is my request, Father I praie,  
That since it pleased so your maiestie,  
I should inioy my loue aliue no more,  
Yet neretheles let vs not parted be,  
Whom cruell death could neuer separate :

But as we liude and dide together here,  
So let our bodies be together tombde,  
Let him with me, and I with him be laid  
Within one shrine, where euer you appoint,  
This if you grant me, as I trust you will,  
Although I liue not to requite this grace,  
Th'immortall Gods due recompence shall giue  
To you for this, and so vaine world farewell,  
My speech is painefull, and mine eye-sight failes.

1780

*Tanc.* My daughter dies, see how the bitter pangs  
Of tyrannous death, torments her princely heart,  
She lookes on me, at me she shakes her head,  
For me she grones, by me my daughter dies,  
I, I, the author of this Tragedie.

1790

On

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

On me, on me, yee heauens throw downe your ire,  
Now dies my daughter, hence with princely roabes  
Oh faire in life, thrice fairer in thy death,  
Deare to thy father in thy life thou wert,  
But in thy death, dearest vnto his heart,  
I kisse thy paled cheekes, and close thine eies,  
1800 This duetie once I promist to my selfe,  
Thou shouldst performe to me, but ah false hope  
Now ruthful wretched king what resteth thee?  
Wilt thou now liue wasted with miserie?  
• Wilt thou now liue that with these eies didst see  
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now liue to see  
Her funerals, that of thy life was stay?  
Wilt thou now liue that wast her liues decay?  
Shal not this hand reach to this heart the stroke  
Mine armes are not so weake, nor are my limmes  
1810 So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart  
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,  
But I can wreake due vengeance on that head  
That wrought the means these louers now be dead  
Iulio come neare, and lay thine own right hand  
Vpon my thigh, now take thine oath of me.  
*Iul.* I sweare to thee, my liege Lord, to discharge  
What euer thou enioynest Iulio.  
*Tan.* First then I charge thee that my daughter haue  
Her last request, thou shalt within one tombe  
1820 Interre her Earle and her: and thereupon  
Engraued some Royall Epitaph of loue.  
That done, I swear thee thou shalt take my corps  
Which thou shalt find by that time done to death,  
And lay my bodie by my daughters side.  
Sweare this, sweare this I say. *Iul.* I sweare.

*The Tragedie*

But will the king do so vnkingly now.

*Tan.* A kingly deed the king resolues to doe.

*Iul.* To kill himselfe. *Tan.* To send his soule to ease.

*Iul.* Doth Ioue command it? *Tan.* Our stars cōpell it.

*Iul.* The wiseman ouerrules his stars. *Tan.* So we 1830

*Iul.* Vndaunted should the minds of kings indure.

*Tan.* So shal it in this resolution.

Iulio forbear, and as thou louest the king,  
When thou shalt see him weltring in his gore,  
Stretching his limmes, and gasping in his grones  
Then Iulio set to thy helping hand,

Redouble stroke on stroke, and driue the stab  
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his soule.

Now stand aside, stir not a foote, least thou

Make vp the fourth to fill this Tragedie. 1840

These eyes that first beheld my daughters shame,

These eyes that longed for the ruthful fight

Of her Earles heart, these eyes that now haue seene

His death, her woe, and her auenging teene:

Vpon these eyes we must be first auenged.

Vnworthy lamps of this accursed lump,

Out of your dwellings: so, it fits vs thus

In bloud and blindnes to goe seeke the path

That leadeth down to euerlasting night.

Why frightst thou dastard? be thou desperate, 1850

One mischief brings another on his neck,

As mighty billowes tumble in the seas.

Now daughter, see'st thou not how I amerce

My wrath that thus bereft thee of thy loue,

Vpon my head? now fathers learn by me,

Be wise, be warnde to vse more tenderly

The iewels of your ioyes. Daughter, I come.

EPI-

# EPILOGVS.

*Iul.* **L**O here the sweets of grisly-pale despaire,  
 1860 These are the blossoms of this cursed tree  
 Such are the fruits of too much loue and  
 Orewhelmed in the sence of miserie. (care  
 With violent hands he that his life doth end,  
 His damned soul to endles night doth wend.  
 Now resteth it that I discharge mine oath,  
 To see th'unhappy louers and the king,  
 Layd in one tombe. I would be very loath  
 You should wayt here to see this mournful thing.  
 For I am sure, and do ye all to wit,  
 1870 Through griefe wherin the Lords of Salerne be,  
 These funerals are not prepared yet :  
 Nor do they think on that solemnitie.  
 As for the fury, ye must vnderstand,  
 Now she hath seen the'ffect of her desire,  
 She is departed, and hath left our land,  
 Graunting this end vnto her hellish ire.  
 Now humbly pray we that our English dames  
 May neuer lead their loues into mistrust :  
 But that their honors may auoid the shames  
 1880 That follow such as liue in wanton lust.  
 We know they beare them on their vertues bold  
 With blisfull chastitie so wel content,  
 That when their liues, and loues abroad are told,  
 All men admire their vertuous gouernment.  
 Worthie to liue where Furie neuer came,  
 Worthie to liue where loue doth alwaies see,  
 Worthie to liue in golden trump of Fame,  
 Worthie to liue, and honoured stil to be.  
 Thus end our sorrowes with the setting Sun :  
 1890 Now draw the curtens for our Scène is done.

FINIS.

R. W.

Introductio in Actum secundum.

**B**Efore the second Act there was heard a sweete noice of stil pipes, which sounding, Lucrece entred, attended by a mayden of honor with a couered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtens, shee offreth vnto Gismunda to tast thereof: which when shee had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece rayseth vp Gismund from her bed, and then it followeth vt in Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this Acte the Hobaies sounded a lofty Almain, and Cupid  
10 Vshereth after him, Guizard and Gismund hand in hand. Iulio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honor. The measurestrode, Gismunda geues a cane into Guiszards hand, and they are all dedde forrth again by Cupid, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum 4.

Before this Act there was heard a consort of sweet musick, which playing, Tancred commeth forth, & draweth Gismunds curtens, and  
lies down vpon her bed, then from vnder the stage ascendeih Guisz. & he helpeth vp Gismund, they amarusly embrace, & depart. The king ariseth enraged, then mas heard & seen a storm of thunder &  
20 lightning, in which the furies rise vp, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this Act was a dead march plaid, during which entred on the stage Renuchio capten of the Guard, attended vpon by the guard, they tooke vp Guisz. from vnder the stage, then after Guiszard had kindly taken leaue of them all, a strangling cord was fastened about his neck, & he haled foorth by them. Renuchio bewayleth it, & then entring in, bringeth foorth a standing cup of gold, with a bloudy hart reeking whot innt, and then saith vt sequitur.

Faultes escaped.

30 In the pze face to the M. maids, line 3. geamls, read gleams. be-  
foze act 1. l. 1. with, read & with. sce. ii. l. xxiii. for fear that, r. feare of  
that. sce. i. acti. l. xlvii. for by him, r. by thine. sce. i. actiii. l. xxv. for di-  
staind. r. distained. sce. ii. l. vii. for liuely bzeath, r. liberty. sce. ii. acte  
iiii. for but nay, r. but may. sce. iii. act iii. for widowhood, r. widows  
bed. sce. ii. for whilom a, r. whilom there was a. act iii. l. xxiii. hurt.  
reade let not.